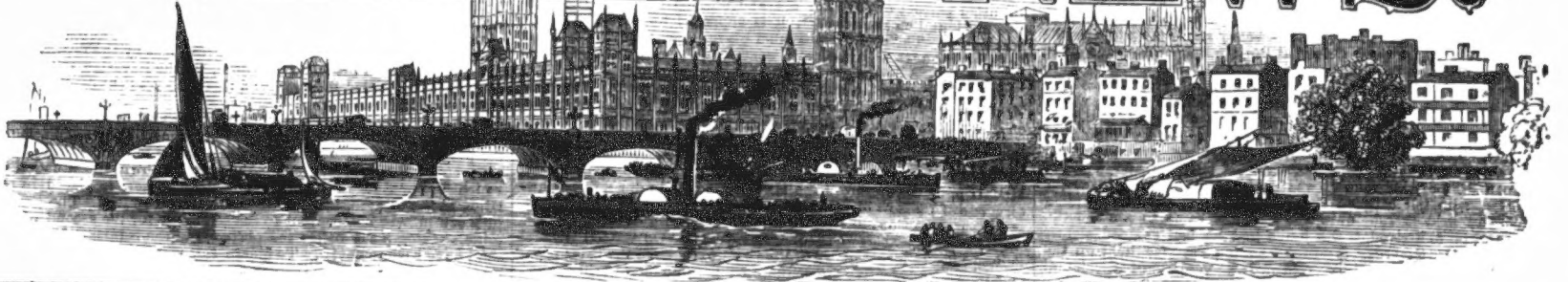


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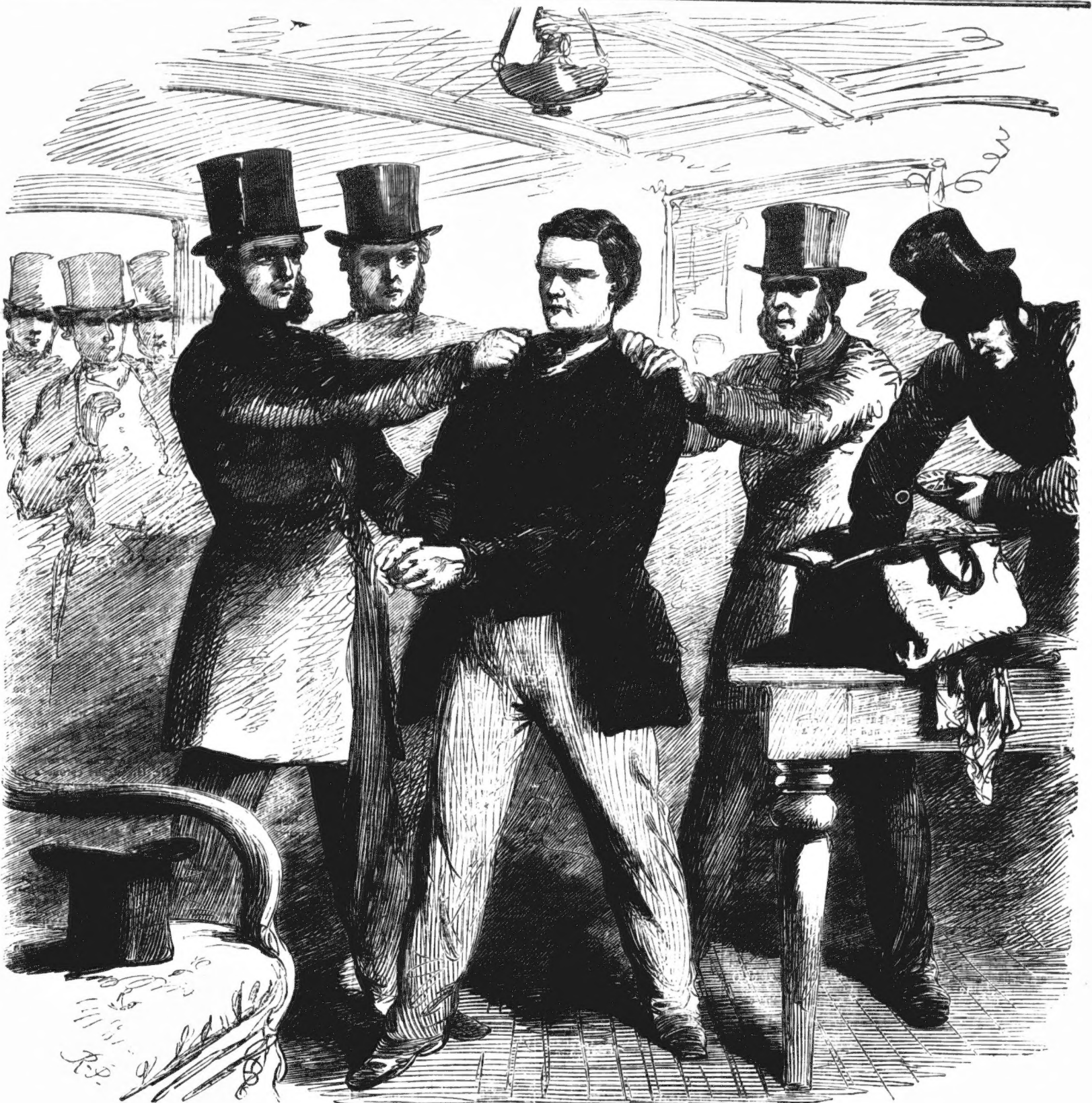
PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 66.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1861.

ONE PENNY.



THE ARREST OF MULLER ON BOARD THE VICTORIA. (See page 211.)

THE ARRIVAL OF MULLER IN ENGLAND.

The Etna, from New York, with Muller on board, arrived at Queenstown on Thursday. The utmost excitement prevailed in the town.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning a very shocking accident happened at Preston to a breakman, named Thomas Alcock, who lived at Manchester. Alcock left the North with a heavy goods train late on the previous Friday night, and arrived at Preston Station between three and four o'clock on Saturday morning. Whilst the waggon was being changed, Alcock met Inspector Ferguson, of the goods department. They had their backs turned towards the engine, which was moving, but they did not observe this circumstance. In a moment or two afterwards, the waggon came forward, and knocked both men down. Alcock was thrown right across the rails, and about a dozen of the waggon ran over his left arm and leg, and abdomen. The poor fellow was awfully mutilated. Inspector Ferguson, who fell between the rails, escaped with a standstill. When assistance arrived, it was found that he had escaped almost uninjured. On Saturday afternoon an inquest was held on the body of Alcock. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

VERY distressing instances of suicide took place on Saturday, about a quarter of a mile from the Taunton Station, on the Bristol and Exeter Railway. A gentleman named Spooner, a London accountant, had been staying with his wife for some time in Taunton, the house of his wife's relations. On Saturday morning they left home together to go to the market, on nearing which Mrs. Spooner, who was thirty-five years of age, told her husband that she wished to go and visit her aunt, who lived near the railway, and left him for that purpose. The lady was observed to go to the railway, where she went upon a foot-bridge which crosses the line, and stood for ten minutes silently looking up the road. The train from Exeter, which reaches Taunton at ten minutes past eleven, was coming up, when she descended to the line, took off her bonnet and some other articles of dress, then stepped deliberately on to the line, and stood bowing her head against the approaching train. She was struck by the ground dead and terribly mutilated. The train, which was going almost at full speed, was stopped as soon as possible, and the guard ran back to where the lady lay, but assistance was of no avail. Mrs. Spooner has left a large family of children, and the only explanation which has been assigned for the fatal step she took is that after the birth of each of her children she has been subject to extraordinary fits of nervous excitement, during which she has frequently taken unexplained and eccentric resolutions.

On Monday morning, shortly after two o'clock, a fire broke out in the premises belonging to Mr. G. Broad, oil, colour, and Italian ware-house, at No. 198, Kingsland-road, and was not extinguished until the whole stock-in-trade was destroyed. The loss will fall upon the Insurance Office.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF LOVE AND SUICIDE.

On Monday Mr. George Richards, the deputy coroner for Middlesex, held an inquest at the Lord Nelson Tavern, Whitechapel-road, respecting the death of David Hemmings, aged twenty-one years, who committed suicide under the following circumstances:—

David Hemmings, of Rotherhithe, a lighterman, said that the deceased was his son, and was potman to Mr. Edmund Gilbert, the proprietor of the above-named tavern. The deceased had been a very dull young man, and witness could not tell the cause of the act.

Margaret O'Keefe, servant to Mr. Gilbert, said that she had only known the deceased since he had been in his situation. She believed it was about seven weeks. Latterly deceased had been very low-spirited, but he never made any complaint as to the cause. He had a photograph which he showed to witness, and she saw it was the likeness of a young woman. Witness asked him if it was the female who had recently had a child. He replied "Yes;" but he said the child was not his, and he burnt the likeness. Witness did not believe that the likeness was intended for the young woman who used to call and see him. On Wednesday morning week the deceased was very dull, and would not give out his washing as usual. He had often told witness that if he got married to the young woman in a week would not keep them. On Thursday morning week, between eleven and twelve o'clock, deceased came into the kitchen and was very low, and he said "Well, this is all through the girls." Witness said "Cover up, there are more girls than one." The deceased left the room, but she did not catch the answer. The deceased had his board and lodging per week.

George West, formerly potman to Mr. Gilbert, stated that he saw the deceased on the following Monday, when he received his wages, and went with him to his father's house, where he asked for some pictures, but he would not go, and deceased went alone. On the Thursday morning deceased was very desponding, and witness helped him to wash up his pots. Afterwards witness left him in the pot-house, and upon returning about twelve o'clock he found him lying upon a bench as if asleep, but on speaking to him witness found that deceased had a rope round his neck, and had fallen from a beam to which he had fastened it. Dr. William Godfrey, of the Mount, Whitechapel, was called, and he pronounced life extinct. No letters were found on the deceased.

Dr. William Godfrey said that he found life extinct, and took the rope off deceased's neck. The rope had broken by a fall of eleven inches. Deceased had stood upon a block of wood. The cause of death was strangulation by hanging. The body was quite warm when he arrived.

Dorcas Strahan, a young woman who resided at No. 4 Park-road, Bow-common, a tailoress, said that she had known the deceased about two years. He was not courting her, but he had been criminally connected with her. The child she had in her arms did not belong to the deceased, and she never had any angry words with deceased. They were going to be married three weeks since but deceased had not sufficient money. The banns were never put up, but they had put the ceremony off for a short time as he had paid his last 10s. to his Foresters' court. The deceased was in pecuniary difficulties, and he was low spirited when she last saw him on the Wednesday after he had been disappointed by his mother. She had never given her likeness to him, but he had given her the photograph of a former sweetheart, which he told her to break up or give it to the child to play with.

The Coroner remarked on the extraordinary nature of the case, when

The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind."

For Toothache, Tic douloureux, Fecache, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills. They allay pain and give power to the nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box by post, fourteen stamps, Kew, Middlesex, Clapham-road.—[Advt.]

Take coloured teas now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine the flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE

The presence of British pickpockets in Paris continues, although the French authorities, when they get hold of them, punish these gentlemen with merited severity. A well-dressed young Englishman, who gave the name of Frederick King, was tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police on a charge of picking pockets at the Paris Station of the Vincennes Railway. A young woman deposited that when leaving the station, in the midst of a great crowd, she put her hand into her pocket to protect her purse, and in so doing it came in contact with that of the prisoner. Finding that her purse, containing 9f. (7s.), was gone, she instantly seized him by the arm and held him, notwithstanding his violent resistance, till other persons came to her aid and secured him. As the purse was not found on the prisoner, it is supposed he passed it to an accomplice. The prisoner protested his innocence, but the tribunal declared the charge proved, and condemned him to two years' imprisonment and five years' surveillance.

The *Constitutionnel*, commenting on the appointment of Marshal McMahon to the Government of Algeria, passes a high eulogium on that officer, declaring him to be one of the most brilliant personalities of the French army under Napoleon III. It remarks, on the date of his new appointment, the 5th of September:—

"Anniversary of the day upon which nine years ago, General McMahon, by the capture of the Malakoff, added to our military history one of its most brilliant pages. It was on that memorable day, at the supreme moment, that he pronounced those words which the soldier still remembers and will long repeat:—'Go and tell General Pelissier not to forget, if we are blown up, to have the ruins occupied immediately.' We are acquainted with no more brilliant example of coolness and heroism."

DENMARK

A pamphlet has appeared at Copenhagen attributed to the brother-in-law of King Christian, containing amongst other things the following description of a scene between Christian IX. and M. Monrad on the evening of the day on which the Ministry resigned:—

"The King received at daybreak from his envoy at Paris, Count Moltke, a telegram in the following terms:—'All is lost, the Emperor will do nothing more for us.' There was to be on that day a Cabinet Council at one o'clock; but Christian IX. had not patience to wait to express what he felt, and instantly sent for M. Monrad. The latter, seeing the extreme emotion of the King, turned pale on entering the cabinet. 'See where you have led us,' said the Prince with suppressed fury, handing to him the telegram; 'we are on the brink of an abyss; your counsels have lost me my last anchor of safety; all is lost if I do not instantly change my Ministry.' 'Such, also, is my opinion, sire,' said M. Monrad in the calmest tone. 'It is not I who can conclude the only peace which it may be yet possible to obtain.' 'And if you had not been at the head of affairs,' cried the aged Count Charles Moltke, who was present at the interview, 'such a peace had never been possible.' M. Monrad, without noticing the interruption, bowed his head to the King saying, 'Your Majesty will do what you deem necessary for the safety of the State, which has been my guide also in all my acts; we will retire.' At these words the King burst out in a vehement tone, heard even to the antechamber, 'You will retire now, after having consummated the ruin of the kingdom and deprived me of my most beautiful provinces. Your fatal work is accomplished; the shame falls on me, and you dare to represent yourself yet as the saviour of the State. This is too much!' During this explosion of anger M. Monrad preserved an icy impassibility. When it was over he said, 'History will one day judge me; I have done my duty, and when (looking fixedly at Count Moltke) the conscience is clear there is nothing to dread.' He then saluted the King and withdrew." Both M. Monrad and M. Hall believed to the last in foreign assistance.

When Alsen was taken, it is related, Count Moltke hastened to Viborg, but received from the Emperor Napoleon only this reply:—"You have rejected all my friendly advice; take now the consequences of your deluded obstinacy. I cannot mix myself up any more with your affairs."

AMERICA

The Chicago Convention has nominated General McClellan for the presidency, and Pendleton, of Ohio, for the vice-presidency, on the Union and peace platform.

Admiral Farragut and General Canby officially confirm the surrender of Fort Morgan, Mobile, with 600 prisoners, on the 23rd ult., after twenty-four hours' bombardment by their combined forces. The Confederates spiked the cannon, sixty in number, and destroyed all other material in the fort previous to the surrender.

Despatches purporting to have been sent by General Sherman to Sherman's army, to Secretary Stanton, were published at New York, reporting the evacuation of Atlanta by Hood, and the occupation of the city by Sherman; also that a desperate battle, with heavy loss to both sides, was fought near East Point on the same day, and that Hood was retreating to Macon. No confirmation of the news has been received, and the whole story begins to be discredited.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

With the exception of an occasional shower, rain still keeps off, and we are still retarded in the general

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—This should be the time for planting out the last crop of broccoli, a foot and a half or two feet apart; also getting in plenty of main crops of cabbage the same distance apart, though, to economise space, double rows may be planted, and every other one thinned in the spring. Plants of the August sowing should be pricked out into nursery beds three or four inches apart. Cauliflowers should be treated in the same way, and well watered during this dry weather. Do not earth up celery too much, as freedom of foliage should be allowed; but when the operation is performed, the plants should be carefully closed round the stalk with the hand. Corn salad, excellent for the winter, should be sown in drills six inches apart. Cut down the decayed flowers, and clear beds from weeds of aromatic herbs. If an increase is required, divide the roots, and the tops dried for keeping. Sow additional onions to stand the winter. Potatoes, if not already dug, should be got up at once, for should rain come, a second growth would be the result, and flavour deteriorated. Proceed to collect stable dung for mushroom beds, picking out all long straw and litter. Keep the same in a dry shed, and turn the dung over every three or four days till the rank steam is passed away; it will then be ready for spawn.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue to give vines the benefit of sun to ripen the fruit, by removing all unnecessary or ill-placed shoots. Out away late after-shoots of wall or espalier trees, or any that overtop or extend sideways beyond their regular bounds.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Stimulate geraniums, verbenas, petunias, &c., with a little manure water, in order to prolong their flowering; also remove all seed pods. Continue to put in cuttings of all the choice sorts of bedding-out plants, and pot off all that are rooted. Finish planting biennials and perennials soon in the spring. Plant snowdrops, crocuses, narcissi, and other early spring bulbs. Put in cuttings of calceolarias; they do best in a cold frame, and will easily keep through the winter. Transplant and remodel shrubberies where necessary. Remove wild branches of rose stocks to encourage the starting buds.

General News.

CONSEQUENT upon the Rev. C. T. Astly accepting the vicarage of Brested, offered him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. J. Bateman, M.A., son-in-law of the late Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, and formerly of Huddersfield, had been appointed to the vicarage of Margate.

We are informed that the Government has declined to interfere in the case of the steamer *Georgia*, seized off Lisbon by the Federal frigate *Niagara*.

MR. SPURGEON has announced his intention of withdrawing from the Evangelical Alliance.

THE bells of all the churches in Cologne announced to the inhabitants on Thursday morning week that his Eminence the Archbishop of Cologne, Cardinal Johannes von Geissel, had just died, in the 69th year of his age, after having been archbishop of the diocese for twenty-three years. The Catholic Church and the Prussian kingdom have sustained a great loss by the death of the prelate. He was a native of Neustadt, in the Bavarian Palatinate. In 1857 he proceeded to Rome, and there received the cardinal's hat at the hands of the Pope.

THE writer of a Paris letter, in the *Independence Belge*, says:—"Negotiations have been opened with the Archbishop of Paris for the purpose of removing the obstacles opposed to the baptism of the children of Prince Napoleon. As is well known, the situation in which Victor Emmanuel, the intended godfather, is placed in relation to the Church, had prevented the first baptism. The Emperor's cousin will not consent to the ceremony for the second of the prince taking place before the obstacles to the baptism of the first shall have been removed. To obtain this result is the object of the present negotiations, and there is no doubt that it will be attained."

THE *Journal du Loiret* relates the following curious fact on the authority of M. Lebigue, Mayor of Nivelles:—"As three men were gathered near on Sunday last in that commune, the lightning struck the tree, and passing down the trunk in a spiral line stripped off a piece of bark from top to bottom about half an inch thick and four inches wide. One of the men, who happened to be eating his breakfast near the foot of the tree, was killed on the spot, as was also a dog standing near him. The other two men, who were in the tree when the lightning fell, were knocked down by the shock, and remained for some time on the ground insensible. On reviving, they found their legs in a measure paralyzed, but recovered the use of them before evening. On examining one of the men, an impression of the branches and foliage of the pear tree was found distinctly printed on his breast—a phenomenon of which many instances are recorded."

ONE of the vacant garters has been conferred upon the Marquis of Lansdowne. Lord Lovat will have the vacant Ribbon of the Thistle. Lord Lismore will be the new Knight of St. Patrick.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS, who has had a most severe attack of indisposition, is, we learn, gradually recovering. His lordship is now at Elmton, where he has obtained much benefit from the sea air.

PRINCE HUMBERT, Crown Prince of Italy, arrived at the Waterloo Terminus of the South-Western Railway on Monday forenoon from Southampton, accompanied by his excellency the Italian minister and a large suite. Viscount Palmerston, between one and two o'clock, paid a personal visit to his Royal Highness Prince Humbert at the Italian minister's residence in Grosvenor-street. In the afternoon the Prince, accompanied by the Marquis d'Azeglio and a limited number of his suite, took a drive round the outskirts of the metropolis. The Prince first visited the Prince and party drove by St. John's-wood, Westbourne-place, and Hyde-park to Grosvenor-place, through St. James's-park, down the Strand and by Wellington-street and Long-acre to Grosvenor-street. In the evening his royal highness honoured Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston with his company at dinner, at Cambridge House, Piccadilly. The royal Prince arrived shortly after eight o'clock accompanied by the Marquis d'Azeglio, the Italian minister, the whole of the Prince's suite, and the personnel of the legation. There were also present to meet his royal highness the Marquis de Cadore, Lord Napier, the Right Hon. W. and Mrs. Cowper, &c.

SHOCKING AND MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR IN CHELSEA.—DEATH OF TWO FEMALES FROM STARVATION.

GREAT excitement prevails in Chelsea about a painful case which has just been brought to light. Two sisters who had seen better days have met with untimely deaths through the want of proper sustenance. Three weeks ago, a man between thirty and forty years of age, and who then gave the name of Selby, took an unfurnished front room on the first floor at No. 4, Durham-street, Chelsea, at the rate of three shillings and sixpence per week, as he alleged for the occupancy of two of his maiden sisters, but in reality it turned out afterwards that the room was hired for himself and three sisters. From that time to the present nothing was seen of the deceased by any persons in the house, and even the surviving sister and brother appear to have lived in a most secluded manner, as they were never heard except at night. The stench which latterly came from the room was so great that the landlord attributed it to the dirty habits of his new lodgers, and determined to see Selby, but never could do so until Friday morning week, when coming home from breakfast, Selby then told Matthews that he was in great trouble, that one of his sisters had died on the previous Monday at ten o'clock, and that he did not know what to do, as he could not get an order for her burial without a doctor's certificate. He asked Mr. Matthews not to tell Mrs. Matthews or anybody else about the affair; but of course Mr. Matthews felt it his duty to take some steps in the matter, and communicated the facts of the case to his wife, requesting her, as he was compelled to resume his work, to call upon Mr. Green, the coroner's officer, which mandate she lost no time in obeying.

The coroner's officer arrived in the afternoon, and accompanied by Mrs. Matthews proceeded to the room, which was locked inside, and an intimation that if the door was not unfastened it would be forced open gained them admission. A sad spectacle presented itself. Stretched before them lay the dead bodies of two females in such a state of decomposition that maggots were upon them, and they resembled skeletons covered with green tissue paper more than human bodies. Both were naked, with the exception of a chemise; one was stretched out on an iron bedstead with web sacking, and the other lay on the floor, crunched up like a dog in one corner of the room. The only other articles of furniture were two chairs.

An inquest was held at the Surprise Tavern, Christ Church-terrace, on Saturday, by Mr. Bird, deputy coroner.

The man Selby was called, and said that his right name was Moss. He had been a solicitor's clerk. The deceased were his two sisters, Emma Moss, aged thirty-eight, and Jane Moss, aged forty.

The surviving sister, who lived with them, said she could not get them to take any food.

Mr. Thomas Dickinson, the surgeon who had made a post-mortem examination, said that he found no traces of food in either of their stomachs, and it was his opinion that they died from exhaustion from fever, or the want of proper sustenance.

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and economical. Wanted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. For specimen free on application at 108, Regent-street.—[Advertisement.]

THE CAPTURE OF MULLER, THE SUSPECTED MURDERER OF MR. BRIGGS.

On arriving at New York on the 5th of August, Inspector Tanner put himself in communication with the British consul, and was by him introduced to the chief of the metropolitan police—Superintendent Kennedy—and to Inspector Carpenter, who gladly promised him all the assistance in their power, and detailed Officer Tieman, of the detective police, to assist in making the arrest. The legal formalities were complied by the consul to Mr. Marbury, attorney, who found that it was necessary, there being no extradition treaty with the State of New York, the arrest should be made by the United States marshal (Marshall Murray), or somebody deputed and authorized by him.

The little difficulty which here threatened to arise from the jealousy of the State and Federal officers was averted by Marshal Murray authorizing Officer Tieman, who had already been selected by Superintendent Kennedy, to act as his deputy. All possible steps were taken to ensure prompt notice of the arrival of the Victoria, and to prevent any knowledge of the state of things reaching her before being boarded by the arresting party. For this purpose the Sandy Hook Telegraph Company were instructed immediately to forward information of the arrival of the vessel off Sandy Hook to the police headquarters, and to the Quarantine Station, on Staten Island, where Officer Tieman and Sergeant Clarke, with the cabin, Matthews, were awaiting to board her with the health officer, who is the first person allowed to communicate with ships from foreign parts on their arrival here.

The secretary of the pilot office was also communicated with, and by his means a circular was distributed among the pilots of the port, asking them to keep a sharp look-out for the Victoria, and offering a reward of £5 to the one boarding her; asking them also to be careful not to distribute any newspapers containing an account of the affair among the passengers, but quietly to inform the captain, Captain Champion, of the true state of the case as regarded Muller, leaving it to his discretion whether he would put him in irons or not, but at any rate to keep his eye on him, and see that he did not escape. Considerable fear was felt that all these plans might be deranged when the news came of the operations of the pirate Tallahassee, and the burning of the Adriatic, belonging to the same line and owners, and which left London a week after the Victoria; but the statement of her owners that she was not expected to make the passage in less than forty days, and perhaps even sixty, and the subsequent safe arrival of the Villfranca, somewhat tranquillized the fears of the police that the Victoria might have met the fate of the Adriatic, and her passengers been landed at some other port.

These fears were at last set at rest by a telegram from Sandy Hook on Wednesday evening, the 24th ult., about six o'clock, announcing that the Victoria was then entering the lower bay. The detectives were immediately on the alert, and finally their patience was rewarded by the appearance of the vessel off the Quarantine Station at Staten Island. The health officer, Dr. Winbourne, immediately went on board, accompanied by Officers Tieman and Clark, Inspectors Tanner and Kersey remaining on shore. As soon as the officers were introduced to Captain Champion, he said he knew what was their object, and that they wanted to get a man of the name of Muller; and added, "I am very glad you have come on board; it has been a great burden on my mind, but now you are here you can take charge of him."

Captain Champion then, as a rule, ordered the steerage passengers to come aft to be examined by the doctor; and after several names had been called and duly answered, Franz Muller's name was called. He came forward, and was told to go down into the cabin, where he was immediately seized by the officer, who at once commenced to search him. He seemed greatly agitated, and said, "What is it? what is it?" And on being told that he was arrested on the charge of having murdered Mr. Briggs, turned ghastly white. Soon, however, he recovered himself, and said, "I did not do it, and I can prove that I was not there at all."

It seems that immediately on the pilot reaching the vessel, he informed Captain Champion of the supposed identity of Muller with the murderer of Mr. Briggs, and, as instructed, desired him to see that he did not escape. Thereupon, the captain detailed the second mate of the vessel to keep Muller under his immediate surveillance, though without, if possible, exciting his suspicions that such was the case. This the mate did, but as the vessel came near the light ship, an excursion boat came alongside, and seeing the name of the vessel, some person shouted out, "How are you, Muller, the murderer?" Fortunately, however, none but some of the cabin passengers seem to have heard this at the stern of the vessel, and as for Muller, he at the time was on the gangway, in the act of going below, and appeared to be in complete ignorance of what was said.

The captain, however, to guard against the possibility of his having heard it, and in consequence jumping overboard, had the boat got ready to be lowered instantly, should he attempt to escape in this way. At the Quarantine Station there was some little delay in the appearance of the boarding party; and so anxious had Captain Champion become, and so fearful of the possible escape of his prisoner, that he had determined to put him in irons at once; and, putting a revolver in his pocket, he called the mate, and was giving orders for Muller's seizure, when the health officer and the detectives came on board.

As soon as the arrest and search were finished, his trunk was opened, and in it, sewed up in a piece of chamotte leather, was the missing watch of Mr. Briggs, with the crystal broken, and also a black silk hat marked "Dignance, hatter," proving conclusively that it was the one once worn by Mr. Briggs. These things were seized by Sergeant Clarke, who asked Muller how long he had had the hat, and he replied, "Twelve months," and in reply to a similar question about the watch, "Two years." This hat had evidently been worn by him during the voyage when on deck, as he had no other—not even a cap, and one was borrowed for him by the officer to go on shore in. He was kept on board the whole night, during the first part of which he seemed somewhat agitated and in deep thought, frequently rising suddenly and pacing the cabin; but during the latter part of it he slept soundly.

In the morning, when off Castle Garden, the ship was boarded by Inspector Tanner, who asked Muller what had become of the ring he received with the chain from Mr. Death, and he replied that it had been taken from him. Tanner then asked if the stone was a red one, and he said, "No, white." A number of steerage passengers were then called down into the cabin and Muller placed in their midst, and Mr. Death, the jeweller, who had accompanied Tanner, was brought down into the cabin and asked to point out the man who had come to his shop. This he did, fixing on Muller without the slightest hesitation.

The cook of the vessel, who either slept with Muller or in the next berth, voluntarily stated to the captain that Muller during the voyage seemed to sleep very unquietly, often awaking with a start, or talking in his sleep, exclaiming, "Who's there? Take your hands off," and similar expressions, denoting a very perturbed mind.

The party were landed in the Custom-house barge, and Muller was conveyed to police headquarters, Mulberry-street. He seemed quite cool and collected, though somewhat downcast, and made a hearty meal of the food offered him on his arrival. About noon he was taken under the guard of three police-officers to the photographic gallery just above Blacker-street to have his likeness taken.

He underwent the operation with the most perfect composure, maintaining all the sullen indifference he had exhibited during the morning, and here it may not be amiss to state that his general

appearance is decidedly unprepossessing. He is apparently about five feet six or seven inches in height, compactly built, and about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. His forehead is full developed, hair light, no whiskers or moustache, and eyes blue, but very small and very deeply set in his head, while his mouth is decidedly repulsive from its extreme width and protuberance, raising one with the idea of dogged obstinacy and vindictive relentlessness.

The excitement in the Court-room at New York on the examination of Muller was intense. The prisoner, on entering, accompanied by his counsel, appeared totally indifferent to the charge against him. Amidst profound silence, Mr. Blankman said the questions arising in the case were intricate, and required careful attention, and asked for an adjournment for a week, with the view of preparing his case. As a precedent he referred to the case of Anderson, who fled to Canada after committing murder in the United States. The case was adjudicated upon in England, and resulted in the release of Anderson, on the ground that he was a slave, and that the deed was committed in making his escape. He also referred to a murder committed on an American vessel by pirates and murderers who escaped to Liverpool, and the case was adjourned from month to month, and the British Government declined to give up the prisoners. Another feature in the present case was that no finding of a coroner's inquest had been produced, but if the documents showed that a case of murder had been made out his Honour's duty was clear; but if the case was one of manslaughter it did not fall within the treaty of 1842. His client asserted his innocence of the charge, and he thought the court ought to grant a postponement.

Mr. Marbury said it was not his Honour's duty to try the guilt or innocence of the prisoner; but to ascertain if there was sufficient evidence to justify the commitment of the prisoner to the English authorities. He did not wish to say anything harsh against the unfortunate man, but the case seemed so plain that the court could not refuse to send the prisoner back to England, where he would have a fair trial according to the law of the land.

Mr. Blankman maintained that the question was one of guilt—that was a preliminary question. Was it probable the prisoner was guilty? He was a German, and his fellow-citizens of America were interested in justice being done to him. It was not a question whether Mr. Seaward should touch his bell and issue orders that the accused be spirited away secretly and without the forms of law; but the rights of the prisoner were to be guarded, and hence his demand for postponement.

His Honour did not think the interest of the prisoner would suffer if he refused the application.

Mr. Schaffer then moved for prisoner's discharge, arguing that there were insuperable objections to his detention. The law must deem him innocent, and if he declared his intention of becoming a citizen, the shield of the country would be thrown over him, and there was, in his opinion, a sublimity in the sudden awakening of England to revenge the blood of one of its citizens. He considered the evidence against the prisoner, and contended that accused was not one of the two men who entered the railway carriage with Mr. Briggs, and that there was no evidence to detain him.

Mr. Blankman called Inspector Tanner, who deposed: I have seen Franz Muller. I should judge him to be five feet six inches. He has no beard. I should think he never had any. I do not call him a tall thin man, nor a thickset man. He has no whiskers, nor any signs of having ever had any.

This closed the case for the defence.

Mr. Marbury said it was never a question for the court to decide whether a treaty be in force or not; that was the prerogative of the executive. The question was whether the evidence was sufficient to justify his Honour, as committing magistrate, in holding prisoner for trial. The evidence went to show that Mr. Briggs entered the railway carriage, and a few minutes afterwards was found moaning on the track suffering from wounds in the head, from which he died on that same night. Muller was absent from his lodgings and his usual lodgings. In the compartment of the railway car was found a hat known and proved to have belonged to Muller. Mr. Briggs's hat was gone, and when the prisoner was arrested at his similar to Mr. Briggs's was found in his possession. A watch and chain belonging to Mr. Briggs were missing, and two days after the murder Muller went to Mr. Death's and exchanged a chain answering the description of Mr. Briggs, and Mr. Death positively identified the prisoner as the man who exchanged the chain. He was also fully identified by Matthews. In regard to Mr. Lee's testimony concerning the two men seen in the same compartment with Mr. Briggs, there was nothing to show that the same two men remained there or in the train after it started. There seemed on the whole to be abundance of proof that Muller was the murderer. Mr. Marbury concluded by saying the chain of evidence was complete, not a link wanting to connect the prisoner with the commission of the crime with which he was charged, and called upon the commissioner to grant the necessary certificate of extradition in order that the case might undergo investigation in England.

Commissioner Newton then delivered his decision. He said: My simple duty in this case is to determine whether there is sufficient evidence to enable me to remand the prisoner that he may have an opportunity of being tried where the crime was committed, and there prove his innocence, or if guilty be punished. It is not necessary for me to determine absolutely his guilt. The question to determine is, has the crime been committed? If so, is there a probable cause from the evidence to show that the party accused is the one who committed the crime? My duty is simple and plain. I do not desire to sit in judgment over this man; far be it from me. I wish it were in my power to discover a trace of innocence to justify me in withholding the certificate of extradition, but I am free to say all the circumstances point fatally to the prisoner as the guilty man. So clear and distinct is the question of probable cause that I cannot for one moment have a doubt as to the proper course to be pursued. Under these circumstances I am constrained to grant the certificate, and the prisoner, therefore, stands committed.

This decision was received by some of those present with evident astonishment, but Muller himself, whose demeanour throughout was more that of a spectator than a criminal, was not in the least moved.

The prisoner was then handed over to the custody of the British officers.

THE NEW MARSHAL OF FRANCE—General Bazaine, who has just been appointed to the dignity of a marshal of France, comes from a military family, whose fame he has done much to maintain. His early lessons in the art of war were obtained in Africa, where he gained the Cross of Honour on the field of battle. In 1837 he was detached, and served with the foreign legion, but afterwards returned to Africa, where he received the rank of captain, and saw further service. In 1848 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; in 1850 he was placed at the head of the foreign legion, and at the commencement of the war in the Crimea he was chosen to command the brigade of infantry formed of this corps. During the siege of Sebastopol the bulletins of Generals Canrobert and Pelissier more than once rendered testimony to his bravery and his skill in organization. After the retreat of the Russians he was appointed governor of the place, and in September, 1855, was promoted to be general of division. In October following he was placed at the head of the expeditionary corps destined to act against Kinburn. His services in the Crimea were, of course, soon afterwards ended; but, on his return to France, high commands were conferred on him. He is commander of the Legion of Honour.

DOUBLE EXECUTION AT LEEDS.

On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, Joseph Myers and James Sargisson were executed at Armley Goad, Leeds. Myers killed his wife, Nancy, at Sheffield, on the 10th of June, by cutting her throat with a table-knife, the principal witness against him being his own daughter. Sargisson murdered a man named Cooper, near Rotherham, on the 9th ult. The watch and property of Cooper, the murdered man, were found in the cottage of Sargisson, who endeavoured, while admitting having witnessed the murder, to fix the actual commission of the deed on another man who had also been indicted, but the grand jury ignored the bill against him.

With respect to Sargisson, he maintained that he was not the murderer of Cooper. Of Denion he said, after being urged, "If I could say anything that could free him from suspicion I would; but he is guilty. He struck the blow." No hope of pardon or respite had been held out to either of the condemned men by any of the officials of the gaol, or by the relatives and others with whom they had intercourse, nor had they themselves ever suggested the possibility of their receiving any commutation of their sentence.

The scaffold was erected at the north-east angle of the gaol enclosure, and access to it for the condemned men, the chaplain, the under-sheriff, the governor, and other officials, was provided for by the formation of a doorway in the masonry of the wall, near to the turnkey's residence. The scaffold was nine feet from the ground. The front of it was screened with black cloth. In front of the wall, and at some distance from the scaffold, on either side, strong barricades were erected.

A platform was erected by some persons in a field on the right of the scaffold, and fronting the gaol, and the standing room and seats upon it were let out on hire.

Both the men went to bed on Friday night at twelve o'clock, with their clothes on. Sargisson repeated his assertion to the governor, Mr. Keene, that Denion actually struck the blow that killed Cooper, and adhered to it to the last. The governor went to Sargisson about five o'clock on Saturday morning, and found him lying in the bed, still with his clothes on. He was reading his Bible. The governor then went to Myers, at half-past six. He was asleep. He also had not undressed. He rose up, and producing a small piece of paper, which he had in his hand, said, "These are two sixpences which Mr. Godson has promised to give my children." Both the men ate a good breakfast.

Mr. Under-Sheriff William Gray arrived at a quarter-past eight o'clock. Askern, the executioner, was also present at that time. The mob became larger after this, and at the time of the execution there could not have been less than 120,000 persons present. When the bell tolled the cry of "Hats off!" was raised by this multitude. The Under-Sheriff and Mr. Keene, with the chaplain in his canonical robes, and repeating the funeral service, appeared, followed by the culprits. Myers came first, then Sargisson, both appearing pale and anxious. They knelt upon the drop whilst Mr. Tuckwell continued to read most impressively the burial service. Both the culprits uttered the responses, and frequently ejaculated, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" and "Lord, save my soul!" Mr. Tuckwell having pronounced the absolution, the executioner at once stepped forward, placed the rope upon Sargisson, and next upon Myers. He then adjusted the rope upon the neck of Myers, and afterwards upon Sargisson. Myers appeared quiet, but Sargisson shook his head heavily. Both the men continued to cry out, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" and the last words uttered by Sargisson were to his brother murderer. He called out, "Arthur, art happy, lad?" To which Myers responded, "Indeed I am." Upon that instant the drop fell, and the bodies were immediately hidden from the view of the crowd. Myers seemed to dismount immediately, but the other man struggled violently for the next few minutes. The crowd then commenced rapidly dispersing, though a large number remained to witness the cutting down of the bodies, at ten o'clock. The arrangements for the preservation of order were carried out with great zeal and discretion by Mr. Bell, the chief constable.

SHOCKING SCENE AFTER THE EXECUTION.

[From the Sheffield Independent.]

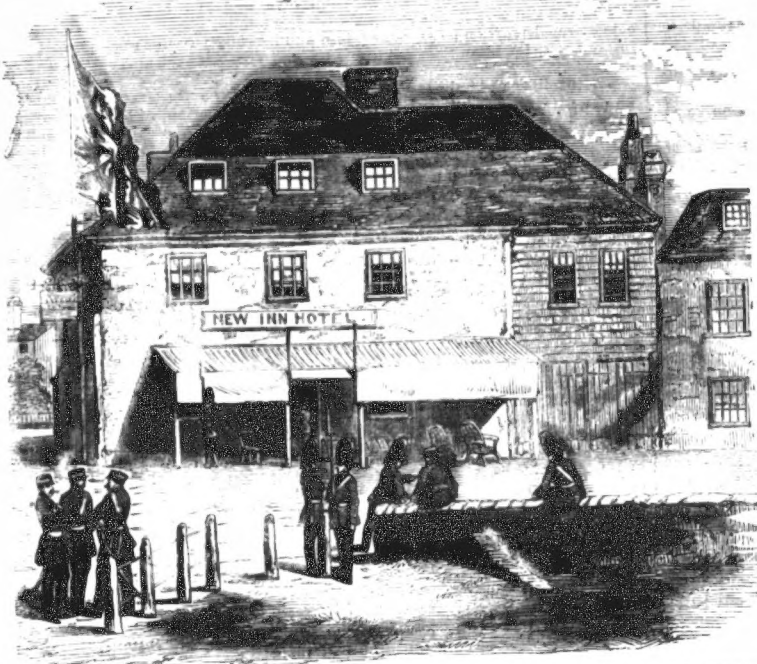
We have learned from a sure source that a most shocking scene occurred immediately after the drop fell. We have stated that a short time previous to the execution attention was directed to the wound in Myers's throat, and one of the warders placed a small plaster upon it. Unfortunately this was not sufficient. A few days before the execution Myers alluded to the state of his throat, and said that if the executioner did not give him "another yard" of fall he should not die, for he could breathe through the wound. He showed to the person he addressed that he could actually breathe through the wound. The wound was in the middle of the throat, and the rope would necessarily come above it, so that there was imminent danger of a horrible scene unless the place was securely plastered over. The event showed that proper means had not been taken to obviate this danger. The fall did not dislocate his neck, because of his weight, but it was sufficiently violent to tear open the wound, and a dreadful scene ensued. After one or two movements Myers ceased apparently to struggle, and the attention of the executioner was directed to Sargisson, who struggled violently, and seemed to die very hard. But after a minute had elapsed it was seen that Myers was still alive, and that breathing was going on through the wound in the throat below the rope. The dreadful occurrence caused an overpowering feeling of horror, but after a consultation with the surgeon, steps were taken which resulted in the eventual fulfilment of the sentence; but this was not accomplished until more than twenty minutes had elapsed after the drop fell! Whether sensibility remained in the body during the whole of that time, it is impossible for us to say. Certain, however, it is that the culprit breathed for that time, and that the hoarse sound of the air rushing into the lungs was distinctly audible. Most fortunate it was that the screen in front of the drop completely concealed the bodies from the sight of the enormous crowd. We shudder to think of what the consequences might have been if the populace had seen what took place behind the screen.

DUEL AT ST. PETERSBURGH.—St. Petersburg is occupied in discussing the details of a fatal duel which has just taken place between two officers of the Guards. It would appear that a young captain of the cavalry, who had succeeded in snatching some property by his ability in training the horses of the Grand Dukes and other persons, was recently nominated adjutant to the Emperor. This appointment excited the envy of his colleagues, who looked upon him, not as an officer, but as a horse jockey, and he was challenged to fight by a colonel, the general opinion of the officers being that he would not meet his challenge, but would retire from the service. The captain, however, chose to fight, and the duel took place in the presence of twenty-three officers of the Guard. It is stated that the arrangement was that the opponents should count one, two, three, and fire during the counting. The colonel fired at the word two, and his ball went through the forehead of the captain before he had discharged his weapon. He was buried on the 31st ult. A strict investigation will be made in the matter by Imperial orders.

A CAPITAL WRITING CASE FOR 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps) sent with Writing paper, Envelopes, Pencils and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORTON, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers. [Advertisement.]

TOTAL LOSS OF THE BARQUE DEVEREUX.

GALLANT RESCUE OF THE CREW AND PASSENGERS. We have to report the total loss of the barque Devereux, an event which occurred on last Monday week, off this part of the Irish coast. The ill-fated ship, which belonged to London, and which was on a voyage from Quebec to Strangford Lough, had experienced very rough weather in crossing the Atlantic. She left Quebec on the 16th of July, and on last Wednesday week was about sixty miles from Troy Island, on the coast of Donegal. On that day the gale raged furiously, and a succession of heavy seas washed over the ship, carrying away most of her deck load and filling her with water. Fortunately, the Devereux was timber-laden, and could not sink, else, no doubt, the vessel would have foundered. Her commander, Capt. Perry, did all he could under the circumstances. The men were kept at the pumps, and everything was done to ease the vessel, but the storm which prevailed rendered their efforts fruitless, and on Friday, when the crew were attempting to get clear of the remainder of the deck load, a sea swept over them, carrying one of the men overboard. Of course he was instantly swallowed up. Next day it became impossible to keep the deck any longer, and the crew, or a portion of them, took to the rigging, and went into the maintop. The captain's wife was in the maintop two days. On Saturday the vessel made Tory Island. The captain at once resolved to run as well as he could for the North Channel and make the nearest port, and was off Malin Head on Sunday morning. Here the exhausted crew received some help from the men in a fishing boat, and Captain Perry sent a message ashore for a tug steamer and for some food, as the vessel's supplies were all gone. They had no water and scarcely any bread. In the meantime a pilot from the station at Enniskillen Head had been put on board at so much risk, owing to the severe gale that was blowing, and this man took charge of the vessel, bringing her to an anchor in Glengad Bay, between Malin Head and the entrance to Lough Foyle. Two anchors were put down, and during the whole of Sunday night the captain and his wife, with the crew, as well as a number of fishermen who had got out in a boat with provisions, and whom the violence of the gale prevented from returning, remained on board, although the waves were washing over the ship every moment. Intelligence of the vessel's condition having reached Moville, two of Captain Coppin's steamers started out on Sunday evening in search of her. One of them, the Admiral, could see nothing of the water-logged ship, and returned to port. The other steamer, the Lion, was more fortunate, and made the vessel out at anchor in Glengad Bay. The Lion steamed towards her and reached the Devereux about eleven o'clock on Sunday night, but in the fearful state of the weather, no attempt could be made to take her in tow till daylight. The steamer, however, remained as near her as she could during the night, and when the break of day brought light enough, prepared to risk the towing of the vessel into the Foyle. It was a task of no small difficulty to get the Devereux in tow at all. During the night, it appears, the wind shifted round, so as to blow in upon the land, and had the ship attempted to raise her anchors in the usual way she would probably have been wrecked on the lee shore. The Devereux had to slip her chain cables and took her in tow, while the Lion managed to put a rope aboard and took her in tow. The steamer could make but little way. The wind and the sea were tremendous, and the ship, totally unmanageable from being full of water, would not steer, but rolled about, as helpless as a log. The tow-rope soon broke. It was expeditiously replaced by another, and Captain Neal M'Loughlin, of the Lion, gallantly persevered in bringing the vessel on; but in a short time the immense cable snapped again. Nothing could stand against the dead weight of the ship, tossed about by the furious sea without any helm to control her, and sometimes actually lying at right angles to the steamer's course. All this time the waves were washing over the vessels now and then, and the position of both was one of unmistakable danger. But the danger was yet to be increased. A third cable having been stretched to the struggling vessel, the steamer succeeded in bringing her on towards the mouth of the lough, but to enter was impossible. The wind blew the two vessels right across the edge of the dangerous sandbank known as the Tons, and in the direction of the Antrim coast; and the mouth of the Bann, where a terrible surf beats almost unceasingly upon the strand, was the point to which the Devereux was now hastening. The beach was not more than a couple of miles away. Those on board the Devereux saw that all hope for the vessel was gone. The beach on which



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY AT SEAFORD.

she was about to strike was close at hand; and utterly worn out, the crew called to the people in the steamer to come and save them. The rope was cut in the Devereux, so as to cast the Lion loose, but with a sea such as was then running, and with the Tons on one hand and the Down-hill shore on the other, it was no easy matter to take off those in the drifting ship. The steamer came round under the lee—that is, at the side furthest from the wind—of the vessel, and was by this means a little sheltered, while the fishermen in the Devereux got into their own boat, which had been towing in their wake, and in a trip or two succeeded in getting off the captain's wife, the crew, and all the others who were in the ship, including the captain himself. To do this was a work of immense difficulty and of the most imminent danger; but it was happily and heroically accomplished by Captain M'Loughlin and the fishermen. The steamer made for Moville, which she reached safely on Monday afternoon. They watched the Devereux as long as they could see her. Left to herself, the drifting ship, which at first had seemed likely to go ashore at Bannmouth, took a turn more to the eastward, passed Portrush, and struck on the Skerries. She got on a jutting point, and for two hours those who stood on the shore could see her beating and thumping against the reef, as the seas lifted her up and dashed her down on the bed of rock. The Devereux, it is remarked, must have been a fine ship to have stood so much battering for so long a time. While she was on the Skerries, the Portrush lifeboat went out to her, but found there was no one on board. Eventually, the sea beat the wreck off the Skerries and drove it in near the White Rocks.—Derry Journal.

Sporting.

THE ST. LEGER RACE.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|
| Blair Athol | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 |
| General Peel | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2 |
| Cambuscan | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3 |

TEN FAN

THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY AT SEAFORD.

A DETACHMENT of the Hon. Artillery Company have just returned from their instructive practice at Seaford, a pleasantly situated little town on the Sussex coast, between two ranges of chalk cliffs, and admirably adapted for military manoeuvres.

We take the opportunity of presenting four illustrations, commencing with the head-quarters of the company, the Old Fort, the Parade, and the soldiers "at ease" in the cornfields after a skirmish.

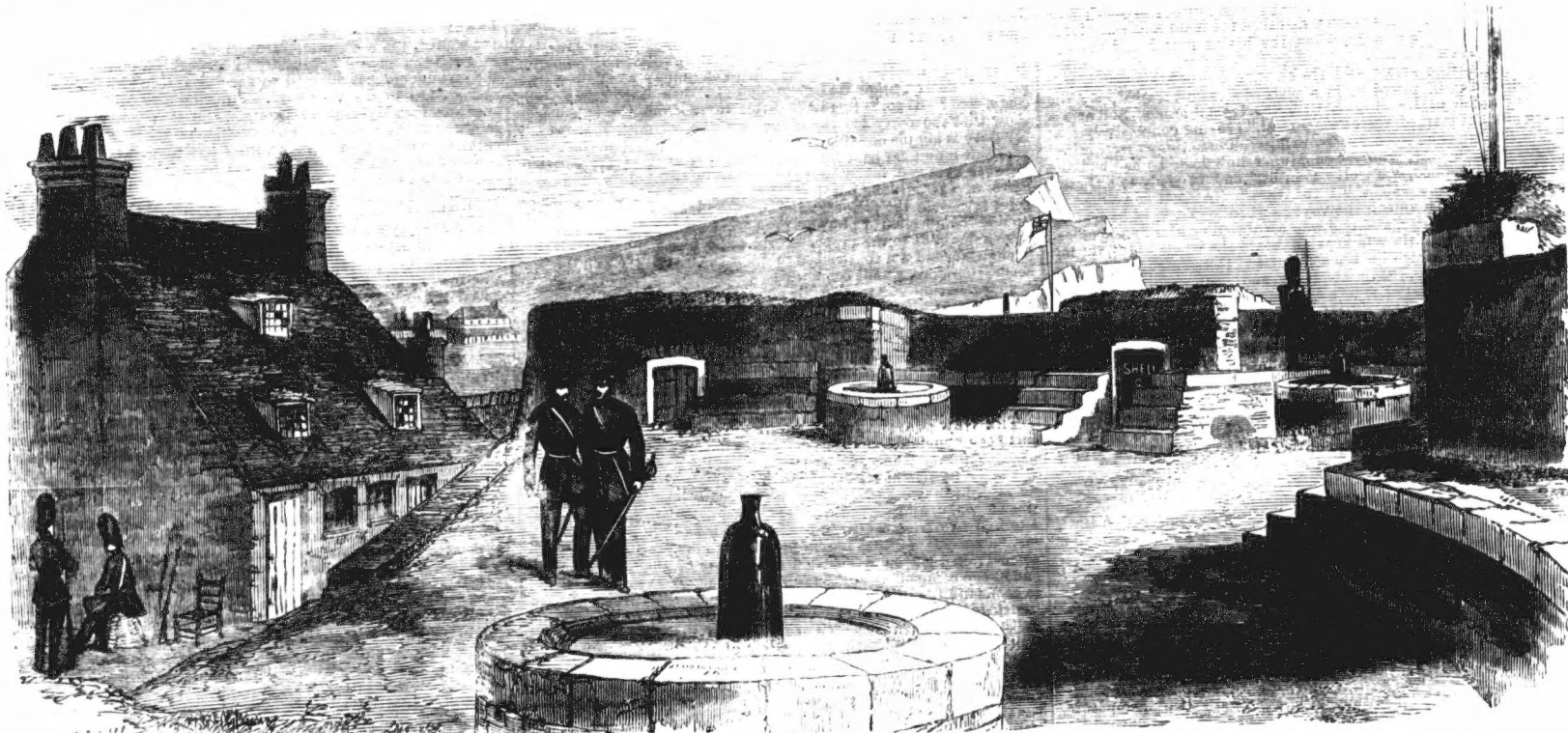
Seaford is beginning to rise again as a bathing place. It was formerly a market town, and, as a borough, returned two members of parliament until disfranchised by the Reform Act. The French attacked it without success in 1545; and at one time it had four churches, with St James's Hospital. The last Martello tower, No 74 (from Folkestone), is here. To protect the low lands from the encroachments of the sea, a sort of breakwater was attempted in 1850, by throwing down a mass of 300,000 tons of chalk cliff, forty to one hundred feet high, and three hundred feet broad, with 26,000 lbs. of powder in galleries 120 feet long, and fired with the voltaic battery.

The Hon. Artillery Company dates its origin anterior to the reign of Henry VII. Its head-quarters is in Finsbury. The armoury and parade ground occupies about seven acres.

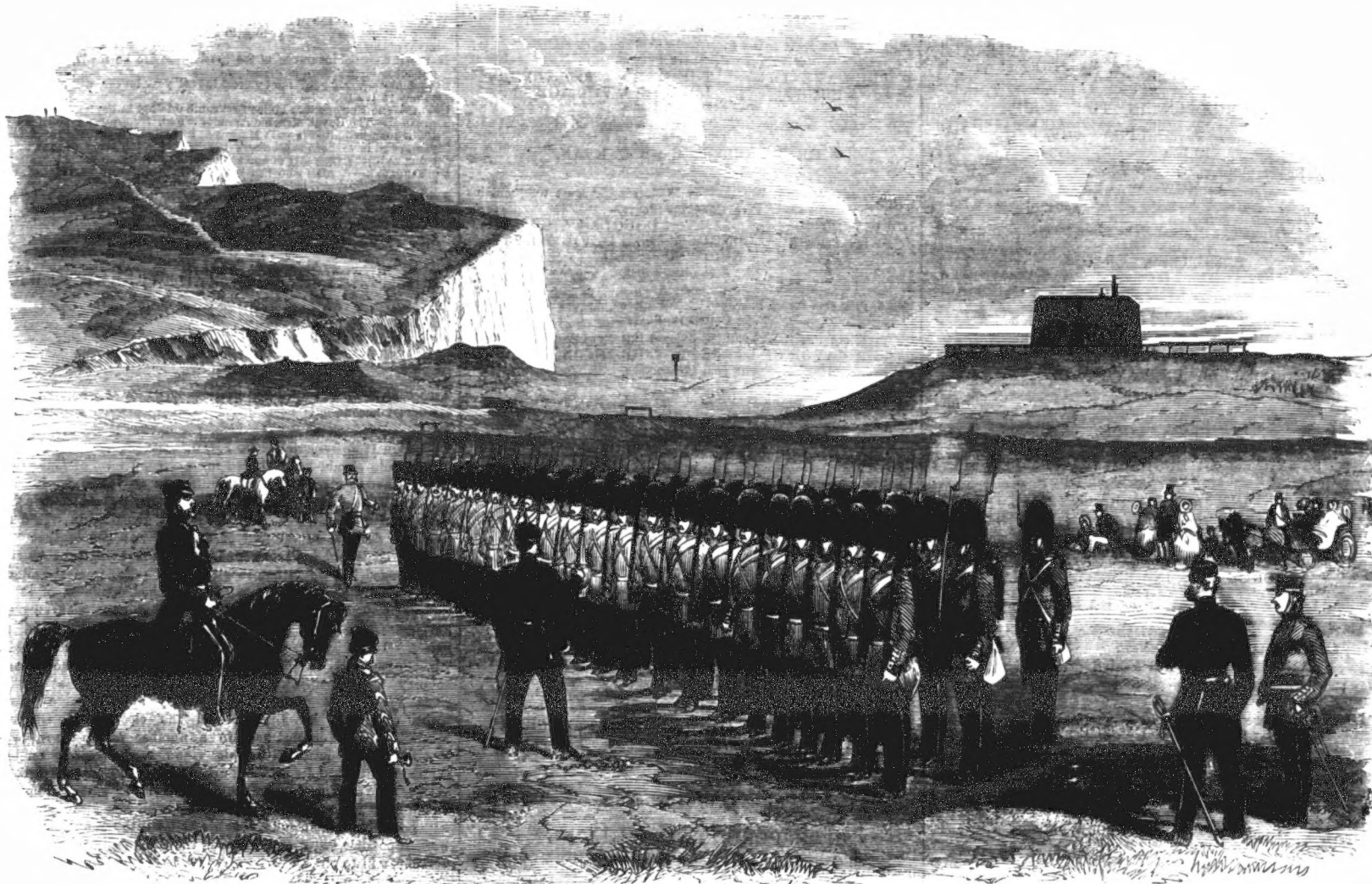
STRANGE PRESENTS.—The Eldorado, which has arrived from Alexandria, has brought a large collection of wild animals presented to the French Government by the Kings of Siam, as well as two enormous chests full of valuable seeds and vegetables. Among the beasts are several which are said to be the first specimens of their kind that have reached Europe. These are a Thibet bear, a Camboge monkey, a Mongolian pheasant, of extraordinary size and wonderfully beautiful plumage; also, a miniature doe from Pegu, a magnificent Malacca tiger, a black Siamese panther, remarkable for its size and ferocity; a Burman peacock, of singular beauty, two hooded pigeons, of which the fecundity is so extraordinary that it is expected to make the fortune of the fancier who may be able to acclimatize them in Europe, and a black water-serpent, the bite of which is said to produce the same effect as a violent attack of apoplexy. To the above are to be added two Siamese buffaloes, which in that strange country are trained to run races, as horses are in England and France. A Cochinchinese state carriage completes the list of these very original presents.

The Russian fleet has just been strengthened by the addition of a magnificent iron-clad frigate, called the Sevastopol, which was launched in the Cronstadt docks on the 24th ult. The Sevastopol is stated to be one of the largest and most formidable of armed vessels yet constructed in Europe. She nearly equals the Black Prince and Warrior in her dimensions, and far exceeds those of the Gloire and Normandie.

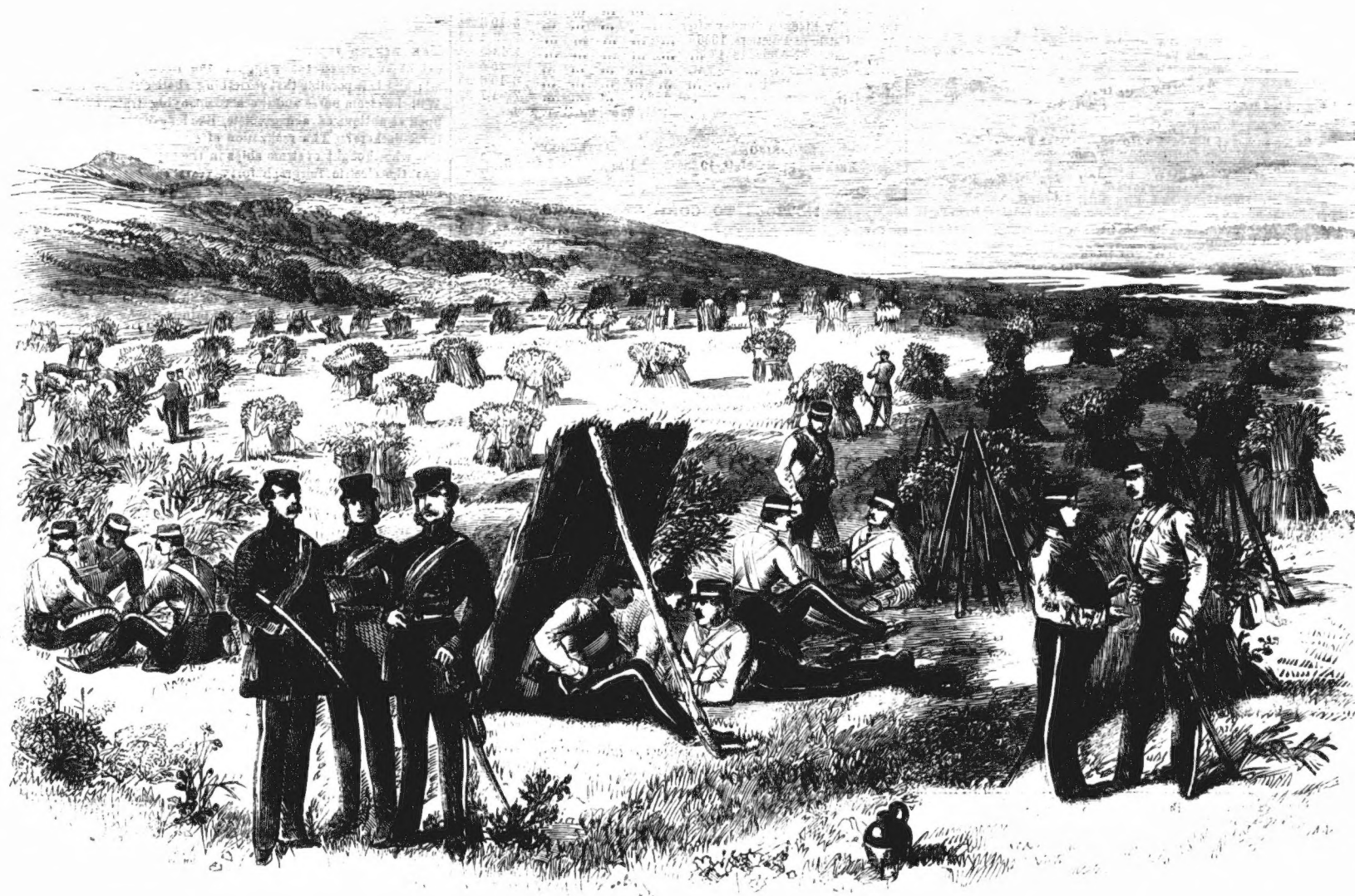
THE MONITOR AND THE TORPEDO.—Some of the survivors of the Federal monitor Tecumseh supply the New York papers with the following account of the blowing up of the vessel by a Confederate torpedo in Mobile Harbour:—"On the morning of the 4th of August the signal was made by the flagship Hartford to the whole fleet to advance on the rebel Fort Morgan, the monitor Tecumseh taking the lead. We fired two shells at the fort when we were a mile off. The guns were then reloaded with solid 15-inch shot, with a charge of 45lb. of powder. We did not fire more than the two shells at the fort, but were reserving our next broadside for the two shells at the fort. When about abreast of Fort Morgan the rebel ram Tennessee. Our order was given to go ahead at full speed. Our gallant captain's intention was to butt the ram and fire the two solid shot at the same time; but before he could give the order to revolve the turret a torpedo (or infernal machine) exploded under us, causing the water to rush up into the berth deck and turret chamber, where nothing but confusion and despair reigned. The guns' crews and those who were in the pilot-house succeeded in getting out before she settled down beneath the waves. We had three boats towed alongside, two of which were immediately filled, but were swamped. We succeeded in cutting the painter of the third one, and commenced to pull as best we could for the fleet. We succeeded in picking up two of our officers (Mr. Langley and Mr. Cottrell). After pulling for an hour we reached one of our small tugboats near Sand Islands, from which we were transferred to this ship. As far as we can learn, there have been twelve more of our comrades saved; eight are in the fleet in the bay, and four are prisoners in Fort Morgan."



THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY AT SEAFORD—INTERIOR OF THE OLD FORT.



PARADE OF THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY AT SEAFORD. (See page 212.)



THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY AT SEAFORD--"AT EASE." (See page 212.)

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Important Notice to the Ladies. A coloured steel engraving of the PARIS FASHIONS for the Month of September will be presented Gratis to every purchaser of the Monthly Part, to be published August 31st.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

| D. | E. | ANNIVERSARIES. | H. W. L. B. | |
|---|----|----------------------------------|-----------------------|---------|
| | | | A. M. | P. M. |
| 17 | S | Moscow burnt, 1812 | 2 | 34 2 56 |
| 18 | S | Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity | 3 | 19 3 41 |
| 19 | M | Battle of Poitiers, 1356 | 4 | 2 4 23 |
| 20 | T | Battle of Alma, 1854 | 4 | 43 5 4 |
| 21 | W | St. Matthew | 5 | 25 5 46 |
| 22 | T | Autumn begins | 6 | 10 6 35 |
| 23 | F | Belini, the composer, died, 1835 | 7 | 17 33 |
| Moon's changes.—Last Quarter, 22nd, 6h. 54m. P.M. | | | | |
| Sunday Lessons. | | | | |
| MORNING. | | | AFTERNOON. | |
| Ezekiel 14; St. Matt. 19. | | | Ezekiel 18; 1 Cor. 3. | |

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to MR. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. John Dicks, at the Office, 313, Strand.

FELIX.—All contracts entered into by persons under twenty-one for the benefit of themselves may be enforced by them, notwithstanding their minority.

R. P.—The name of the "Holy Maid of Kent" was Elizabeth Barker. She was executed at Tyburn in 1534.

EMILY T.—Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital for Single Women is at Paddington. The patients are admitted by the recommendation of the governors. Inquiries should be made of the matron. The mother is compelled to take the child with her on leaving.

WALTER.—A cousin-german is a first-cousin—a cousin descended from the same father and mother.

A SUFFERER.—If the accident happened through the carelessness of the driver, the owner is liable to action in the county or superior courts for damages.

THREE PER CENT.—The Bank does not alter its rate of discount because the three per cents are higher or lower, but only when the balance of trade is against the country, and the Bank, which is bound by law to pay gold on demand for notes, finds its stock of gold rapidly diminishing, to adjust the balance of trade.

BIRDIE.—Among others, the following is a very pretty legend in connexion with the robin redbreast. While our Saviour was bearing His cross, one of these birds, they say, took one thorn from His crown, which dyed its breast; and ever since that time robin redbreasts have been the friends of man.

R. W.—Doors, glass windows, "sealing work and portalls" were not always considered as fixtures. A will was proved to this effect at York in 1574, where the above were willed to the son, and the house to the wife.

R. M. C.—The Royal Military College is for the education of the sons of officers below the rank of field-officers, at £40 per annum; and sons of private gentlemen and noblemen at £160. Education, board, washing, and medical attendance are included in these rates. The boy must be at least ten years old before he is placed upon the list of applicants, and he cannot be admitted under thirteen, nor over fifteen.

HENRY.—The remains of Lord Nelson were deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 9th of January, 1806.

R. W.—The qualification for a justice of the peace is landed estate of £100 a year. The stipendiary magistrates appointed by the Secretary of State are exempt from the condition of having a property qualification.

F. C. (Hertford).—If you have no friends who have favour with the Treasury it is useless to attempt to gain a situation as porter in the Government offices.

R. D.—If a partial insurance of the goods from fire be made, you cannot expect to be paid for the whole.

SCHREIBER.—Using your family crest to seal your letters, will subject you to pay 2s. 12s. 9d.

QUERRY.—The Metropolitan Police first came on duty in September, 1829.

THOMAS H.—The Royal Masonic Annuity Fund, for granting pensions of 10s. a year, is limited to such Masons as have been registered for fifteen years, and have been subscribers to a lodge for ten years of that term, being at least sixty years of age at the term of petitioning.

HOUSEHOLDER.—A man who has two houses in different parishes of the borough of Finsbury, has only one vote for each member.

S. S.—A tenant's goods may be followed and distrained for rent in arrears for thirty days after their removal, provided they were fraudulently or clandestinely removed.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE contest for the American presidency, so far as we understand the latest accounts, is narrowed to a duel between Lincoln and McClellan, and certainly never since the days of ancient Rome has a question more important been submitted to popular decision. If Mr. Lincoln should be re-elected for a second term of four years he will have received from his countrymen an indemnity for his past acts, and a commission to administer the Government in the same spirit as heretofore. The election of Mr. Lincoln would be a solemn decision on the part of the American people that war must be continued until one or other of the belligerent parties be destroyed. It would banish all hope of peace from the minds of men, and give them over to the unchecked dominion of those furious passions which the bloody scenes that have been enacted during the last four years are only too well calculated to excite. It is easy to see the probable result if Mr. Lincoln succeed in his election; but it is by no means so easy to see what we are to expect from that which since the Chicago Convention certainly appears more likely—the defeat of Mr. Lincoln and the election of General McClellan. Mr. Lincoln has, in a number of speeches, proclamations, and letter given his views very decidedly on the leading political topics of the day. General McClellan has been neither so explicit nor so voluminous. Still we gather from the "platform" to which he is committed, expressed although it is with considerable ambiguity, that his policy is to put an end to the war—if possible, without destroying the Union, but, if this be not possible, still to put an end to the war; that he, a military man, abhors and repudiates those acts of military violence by which the liberties of private citizens have been infringed and the principles of the constitution remorselessly overthrown; and that, being of opinion that the war must cease, he is also prepared to return immediately to that supremacy of law and right with which it has so grievously interfered.

THE waggon superseded the pack-horse, the coach to a great extent superseded the waggon, the railway has eclipsed them all; and it is possible that something shall outshine the railway? Will the steam horse and the accompanying train ever be looked upon as antiquated and obsolete, like long-bows, matchlocks, and three-deckers? The realization of such an idea seems impossible. But who thought of steam ships in the days of Nelson, and where was the electric telegraph forty years ago? Locomotives may indeed go down to the last days, for all we know; but science is a progressive thing, and the scene perpetually changes as the years roll on. Railways are supreme just now, as stage coaches once were. Opposition has been threatened in the shape of balloons; but the railway share market is insensible to the danger. Perhaps the railway in some form or other will be a perpetual institution. It is more easy to conceive this to be the case than the contrary. We can understand that the art of printing may be modified; but we can scarcely apprehend it possible for some new discovery—some hitherto unheard-of invention—to arise and confound the printer's-devil by entirely sweeping away the art to which he is apprenticed. So with the railway—it may be modified, yet remain. Some signs of this already appears. Our engineers have of late been applying the principle of the popgun and the air-pump to the transit of certain mail-bags, placed in a suitable carriage on the rails of a tubular subterranean railway. More recently the ingenious individuals connected with the Pneumatic Dispatch Company have become ambitious of conveying passengers in like manner. One or two adventurous beings have even allowed themselves to be shot through the Post-office tube; but at the present time it is quite possible to test the atmospheric system in a more agreeable and formal manner. Mr. Rammell, the inventor of the pneumatic dispatch scheme, has applied his principle to the propulsion of a full-sized passenger carriage in a tunnel constructed for the purpose in the grounds of the Crystal Palace Company. Steam power, exercised by a fixed engine, exhausts the air or forces it into a tube, as may be requisite, and the carriage—attached to a proper disc and travelling within the tube—is either sucked or blown along, accordingly as it goes one way or the other. Seemingly a very moderate power is sufficient for this purpose, and so far as the mechanical practicability is concerned Mr. Rammell's plan seems to be a great improvement on that which was tried some years ago by Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, on the London and Croydon Railway. Propulsion of this kind is now actually accomplished, steep gradients have been surmounted, sharp curves have been traversed, and curious visitors have personally tested this novel mode of travelling.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whitt and Mann, 148, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

The Court.

The Earl Russell, as one of the Secretaries of State, has relieved the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood, on the 12th instant, in attendance on the Queen at Balmoral.

On Thursday, her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess Helena, and their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, drove from Balmoral, via Invercauld House and Allanquoh, which was reached about two p.m. Here ponies and men from Balmoral were in waiting, and the whole party having mounted rode up to Glenquoh nearly to the hoary pine forest of the Beaschan, which is proximate to the foot of Ben-a-Bour, where a sumptuous luncheon was partaken of. After a brief sojourn and a delightful walk through the wild and picturesque district around, the royal party returned to Braemar, via Old Mar Lodge and Lian of Dee. At the latter place a brief stay was made to view the unique beauty and unparalleled scenery that surrounds the Falls. At the Invercauld Arms Hotel horses were changed. Mr. Fisher was in prompt attendance, and personally attended to the requirements of the royal party. A large and respectable assemblage of visitors and others lined both sides of the area in front of the hotel, and greeted the royal party with a warm salute, which was very graciously returned by her Majesty and the other occupants of the royal carriage. The horses having been changed the Queen and party drove on to Balmoral at half past six p.m. The day was delightful, and only a slight shower of rain fell, which in nowise incommenced or marred the enjoyment of the royal sojourners.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

THE FRENCH EMPRESS IN GERMANY.

A LETTER from Schwabach (Nassau), of the 10th, has the following:—

"This quiet little watering place has been unusually enlivened this season by the presence of two Empresses. The Empress of Russia was here from the 15th of July to the 23rd of August, and now the Empress of the French is also come to take the benefit of the tonic steel waters. She left St. Cloud by a special train, at eight p.m., on the 6th inst., and travelling by Forbach, Bingen, Mayence, and Frankfurt, arrived at Wiesbaden, without changing carriages, at one p.m. on the following day. The Duke of Nassau had sent a state coach to receive her, but she declined the ceremony, and mounted at once into a hackney carriage, in which she arrived here at three p.m. It had only been made known a few hours before that she intended to come here, and the place was taken quite by surprise. An attempt was made to get up a triumphal arch, but it was not ready in time, and it was erected on the wrong road, as she was expected to come by Eltville. Moreover, the band, which always attends here during the season, had no copy of "Fantaisie pour la Syrie," and no time to procure one; and, had it not been for the presence here of an English bachelor of music, who arranged it expressly for them at an hour's notice, this important part of the welcome would have been wanting. The Empress travels incognito under the name of La Comtesse de Pierrefonds, and occupies a pretty little house close above the Wein Brunnen, which many who have been here will recognise as the Villa Herber. She has with her two Court ladies, three gentlemen, and seventeen servants. The day her Majesty arrived it poured with rain, but, nothing daunted, she went out and took her first draught and her first walk the same evening. She dinks at the Wein Brunnen, morning and evening, bathes at mid-day in an ordinary bath at the bath-house, and takes the usual promenades along the *allées* just like any other visitor, in the simplest and most unceremonious way; and I am glad to say the people appreciate her condescension, and do not crowd round or follow her. She appears sometimes to walk as if she were rather weak, and uses a small walking-stick, but otherwise she looks well, and has become rather inclined to *embonpoint*. Her dress is said, by those who understand such things, to be simple but elegant, and the lower portion is of very moderate dimensions, a fact which augurs well for the comfort of the human race during next year. The well-known little Spanish peculiarity of walk, or *meneo*, which is well imitated by her lady attendants, at once distinguishes the imperial party from all others. She is expected to stay here for a month, although it is now getting late in the season. The Duke of Nassau visited the Empress the day after her arrival, and it is reported that the Emperor of the French will also see her during her stay."

RAMSGATE SANDS—THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Now that a large number of London citizens, their wives and families, have returned again to the bustle and toil of their City vocations, we give them one parting picture of the sands at Ramsgate, which will be found on page 217. Looking upon this illustration, they may again fancy themselves, in reality, gazing on the animated spectacle which morning after morning presented itself. They may fancy some of those juveniles their own offspring; and some of them may even imagine they are identified with the plaid-suited individual with umbrella over his head, who has just read in the morning paper an account of the bankruptcy of one of his debtors. Our lady readers, too, may recall reminiscences of their exploits upon the donkeys; and indeed all who visited Ramsgate this season will doubtless vividly remember some of the scenes pictured on our illustration.

A TEMPERATE CAPTAIN—Captain Bruce Ogilvy, whose extraordinary freaks at Dunoon were recently noticed by the press, writes from a temperance hotel at Inverary to say that he has become a convert to teetotalism, and to explain his recent conduct. He says:—"The night I arrived at Dunoon there was no disturbance caused by me, and I slept quietly in Mr. Lauder's hotel all night. The next day I drove some miles into the country, and purchased some cattle from a Mr. Turnbull, and paid for them. It is true that on the evening of that day I distributed nearly the whole of a pastry-cook's shop among a number of children. What about that? I am fond of seeing children scramble, and I intend next Hassel Monday, when I always have games in my park at home, to have a grand scramble between the whole parish school. Now, I did not meet with that attention at Mr. Lauder's hands which I thought right. I could get nothing to eat, and the whole attention of the people in the hotel was engaged in serving out drams; so, as I could get nothing to eat, I took to drams too. But I resolved to pay the landlord out, which I think I succeeded in doing. I am not the least ashamed of working three hours at drams. I have a great respect for labour, and am proud to say can use my hands in more ways than one. Your correspondent talks of the boatman being frightened by my excited manner in asking him for a boat. In some parts of Scotland, sir, if you tell a man to look sharp, he thinks you are excited, and stares at you; and then if you tell him to look alive, he gets silly and refuses to do what you wish. In course of time Mr. Lauder's liquor took effect upon me, and I somehow managed to stray into Mr. Eglington's house, and I now beg to apologize and express my great regret for that occurrence. As I have now become a teetotalist, and intend signing the temperance pledge, I trust I will never again wander into other people's houses, or give myself the opportunity of judging of the interior economy of her Majesty's prisons. I must say one word in warning to persons who may go to Dunoon. I don't think Mr. Lauder's hotel is canny, so never think to fall in love with Bonnie Maggie Lauder.—WILLIAM HENRY BRUCE OGILVY, late Lieutenant 26th Cameronians, Captain Royal Perthshire Rifles.—P.S. I beg to state that the man I knocked down pulled my nose and hit me in the stomach before I touched him."

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN DENMARK.

The following letter from Elsinore describes the landing at that place:—

"I strolled down to the ramparts of the castle, where a band was serenading the royal visitors under the window with various Danish national airs, and I swept the horizon with my glass to endeavour to make out the coming Osborne. At last the frigate *Aurora* brought her tall masts into sight, then we saw the *Salamis* despatch boat, and, finally, the yacht itself. But, most provokingly, they seemed in no hurry, and all lay to for over an hour. The truth is, as I afterwards learned, that the passage was a very rough one, and by no means comfortable to the Princess. Her royal highness was able to eat nothing during the morning, and the Prince thought the exertion of landing and the excitement of meeting her family would be too much for her until she had somewhat recovered from her fatigues in still water. And so breakfast was served up, and the colour returned to the beautiful Princess's cheeks, and she was enabled to meet the Danish people, looking at least all she did when she last left their shores. It is about twelve o'clock when we see men like trees swarming up the rigging of every ship in the Danish fleet, and in a moment the yards are manned by innumerable rows of gallant sailors, which look to us like pygmies in the distance; and we hear the cheers; and, commencing with the admiral's ship, the castles of the deep belch out the fire, and puff the volumes of smoke from the ports; and the thunder of twenty men-of-war is saluting the heir of England as his fine yacht glides into the harbour of Elsinore. Meanwhile, the Danish royal party have returned to the place of disembarkation, and alighting from the carriages are waiting impatiently on the jetty until the large ship shall make good her junction with the pier; and all the affability and kindness of the King and Queen are shown in their courteous recognition of those honoured by a previous acquaintance. The guard of honour is posted opposite, and their long line preserved a clear space inside; but the Dances are good souls, and a considerable number of us are admitted within the charmed circle. The 14th Regiment furnishes the guard, and of course has presented arms on the arrival of his Majesty, the band playing the Danish National Anthem. Amongst the gentlemen standing near, but respectfully in rear, was Mr. Hamilton, the chaplain to the English Embassy at Copenhagen, and the former assistant to the Princess of Wales and the Prince Royal in their studies of English. To-day he was kindly recognised, and several of the royal party shook hands with him and kept him in their neighbourhood. How my heart beat when I saw drawn across the ship with shrouded arms that unmoving little line of Royal Marines, the men standing like statues in their glorious red coats. But there was still a more affecting sight. There was the Prince and Princess on the paddle-box, waving their handkerchiefs to the delighted parents and relatives on shore, and at last the baby was brought forward and held high up in arms that the grand-parents might have an early view. The good King and Queen could stand it no longer. It was evident some considerable time must elapse before the large ship could be got round to her place, and a boat was ordered from the Danish yacht, and the royal family hastily embarked, the great standard of Denmark was unfurled at the fore, and lusty arms pulled them quickly to the gangway of the Osborne. Even in humblest life the scene which now ensued would have touched the hardest heart. The captain of the yacht first came down the gangway, with his cocked hat in hand, to receive and assist the King, and as his Majesty was ascending, the Prince of Wales, with hat off, met him, and a long-grasped and most cordial shake of the hands ensued. Fast follows the Queen, but the King is before her, and a graceful figure rushes across the deck of the great ship to meet him, and flies into his arms, and kisses him again and again. And now comes the poor Queen's turn, who I had already seen shed tears when from shore she caught the first glimpse of her child, and mother and daughter are so locked in each other's arms that I thought they would never separate. Then come brother and sister. But one member of the family has not yet been introduced, and on that little being the whole interest of the amiable family before us now seem centred. They seem to forget all else, and it at once brings the Prince into the inner circle as one of those most interested. It is the child of our English hops. How they stoop over it! How they look at it! How they kiss and hug him! The King evidently, in the presence of these grave Englishmen around, desired to show no more affection at the moment than was consistent with his dignity. But his kindly nature conquered his kingly office, and at last he stooped down and loved and kissed the little creature even more warmly, if that were possible, than the others. But the ship has now got alongside. The gangway, covered with crimson cloth, is got up, and crimson carpeting, strewn with flowers, is spread to the carriages, which afterwards draw up to the other side, but not yet, so that all the crowd may have a good view of their beloved Princess as she steps on the Danish shore. The band plays "God save the Queen," and afterwards "Rule Britannia," the soldiers again presenting arms. And now loud and reiterated hurrahs burst from the crowd far and near as her Majesty the Queen is seen issuing from the ship, leaning on the arm of her son-in-law, the Prince of Wales. The King follows, leading the beautiful Princess in her simple white bonnet and pale lavender coloured silk dress, and black silk visor."

The letter then proceeds to describe the departure of the royal travellers from Elsinore:—

"Fredensborg Castle, the destination to which the cortege rapidly made its way, and reached about an hour after leaving Elsinore, takes its name—the Castle of Peace—from the settlement putting an end to the war with Sweden, which was concluded in 1720. In the edifice dating from about that period and erected in the reign of Frederick IV. there is little externally to strike the eye. The gates and approaches are not unlike and indeed by no means excel many of those giving access to the country seats of our untitled nobility. The grand court-yard is enclosed within semicircular ranges of building, forming wings to the body of the palace, and many of these apartments are said to be assigned as marks of royal favour either to persons who have merited well of the State, or to families belonging to the higher classes of society whose pecuniary circumstances render a dwelling free of expense a welcome boon. The central portion of the palace rises two stories above a lofty terrace overlooking the courtyard, and the upper portion of the building is crowned by a dome-shaped roof. The frontage, however, is flat and unadorned, and the great door of entrance is as huge and as bald as some of those still to be seen in religious edifices of the period when 'Churchwarden's Gothic' reigned supreme. The attractions of the palace consist partly of a large collection of pictures, but mainly in the views obtained from its grounds over the lovely Esrom Lake, and the gardens, which are of great extent and beautifully laid out. In the great entrance-hall, of striking proportions, and decorated with paintings in honour of the peace which is associated with the foundation of the castle, a guard of honour of the Royal Horse Guards, dismounted, was drawn up. This body, which is of as good average stature as the British heavy cavalry, has in the distance, and more especially with the sunlight playing upon their uniforms, the aspect of being clothed in brass. Both helmets and cuirasses are of that colour, if not of that material, and the canary-coloured tunic and buckles look like a continuation of the armour. The officer in command of the corps wore over his uniform a scarlet and silver star of Denmark, covering the entire of his cuirass. Probably the most remarkable feature, however, in the array drawn up to receive the Prince and Princess of England was the staff of running footmen belonging to the King of Denmark. These wear,

no doubt in accordance with ancient custom, a livery exceedingly rich as to material, but ludicrously suggestive of Astley's. Scarlet and yellow are again the predominating colours and upon their heads are silver hats of great capacity, in which, as yesterday the castle was *en fête*, enormous bouquets of the choicest flowers were placed. So active and well-trained were these valets in the functions of their office, that they skipped up and down stairs, carried and unrolled heavy carpets, and yet not a single flower was displaced. To bid the royal guests welcome to the palace, a distinguished party assembled on the steps of the terrace. This included, among others, the grandfather of the Princess of Wales and brother of the Duchess of Cambridge, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Princess Marie of Hainault, sister to the Queen of Denmark, and her daughter, the Princess Hilda of Hainault, Princess Thyra of Denmark, General Oxholm, the Danish State Steward, the master of the horse, the Countess Raventlow, &c. In the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales were the Earl and Countess Spencer, the Countess De Grey, lady-in-waiting, General Knollys, Colonel Keppel, Mr. Meade, Dr. Sieving, and Dr. Minter. Into the reception at Elsinore a public character necessarily entered to some extent, but at Fredensborg it was altogether a family party. With the exception of the military and servant of the household there were not more than half-a-dozen spectators, admitted by special favour, who were unconnected with the royal family. The greeting which the Princess received on alighting showed that however warmly she may be appreciated and admired in England, in Denmark, where she must have been longer and more intimately known, the affection felt for her is even stronger. Philosophers have maintained that the great test of character presents itself in the age of the associates with whom a man or a woman will get on best, but in this case the Princess had no sooner passed from the embrace of one relative, seventy-seven years of age, who was visibly affected on seeing her again, than she was claimed with the utmost eagerness by her brother, the young Prince Waldemar, not yet six years old, whom it was absolutely necessary to kneel down and kiss before the rejoicings could proceed any further. The Prince of Wales was likewise most cordially welcomed by all the assembled members of the family; and after the officers of the guard, &c., had been admitted to the honour of kissing hands, the royal party withdrew into the interior of the palace. The day was unfortunately marred by several very heavy showers, but although one of these preceded the arrival, and another immediately followed the housing of their royal highnesses, there was fortunately an interval of ten or fifteen minutes, during which the weather relaxed its severer features, as if to enhance the pleasure with which the Princess naturally found herself on the familiar stairs surrounded by all the well-known faces."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—A deplorable accident, causing the death by drowning of three persons, two of whom perished while heroically endeavouring to save the third, occurred on Monday in Orkney. As the Sunday packet was on her way to Kirkwall, during a severe gale of westerly wind, one of the crew, in endeavouring to reef the mainsail, was struck by it and thrown overboard. Notwithstanding the storm and surf, two of the persons on board resolved to make an attempt to save the drowning man, and for that purpose immediately launched the packet's small boat, and were bravely rowing to the spot, when a sudden sea struck the skiff, and, melancholy to relate, the two brave men fell victims to their courage and perished with the two. One of the two was a promising young gentleman, son of the Rev. Mr. Ingram, minister of the island of Eday, and was, we believe, a medical student. The other was the son of the skipper of the packet, who had to witness the sad sight of his son perishing within a few feet of him. The peculiar circumstances of this trying case have awakened the deepest sympathy for Mr. Ingram and the other sufferers by the calamity.—*Northern Ensign.*

SHOCKING CASE OF CHILD MURDER.—A brutal and shocking case of child murder, the perpetrator of which is now in custody, came to light in Nottingham on Saturday evening. About four o'clock that afternoon, two boys, who were gathering blackberries on Mapperley-hill, discovered in a field near Wood-lane the dead body of a child quite warm. A police-officer was sent for, and found that the child had been strangled, some worsted work being found tied round its neck. A piece of shirting, marked N. W. U., the initials of Nottingham Union Workhouse, was also found wrapped round the child. Inquiries were made at the workhouse, and it was learned that a young woman named Elizabeth Wragg had left that establishment the same afternoon with an illegitimate child. The police visited the girl's house in Sherwood-street, and were told by her mother that she was not at home. They concealed themselves in a yard adjoining the house, and soon after the girl came out. She was charged with the offence, to which she made no reply. She was then taken to the police-station. The child was a fortnight old, and its name was Arthur. The mother is nineteen years of age, and a warehouse girl.

DARING ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE GAOL.—It will be in the recollection of many of our readers that, on the 20th ult., a fellow, who gave the name of John Thomas Gibbs, was committed for trial at the ensuing quarter sessions on a charge of having stolen a gold watch and part of a gold chain from the person of Mr. Thomas Holmes, near the Great Northern Railway Station, on Tuesday, the 9th of August (the first day of Huntingdon races.) On Saturday evening last, Gibbs was put in the prison yard to pump some water for the use of the prison, and Mr. Higgins, the governor, left him in the yard alone for a few minutes while he went to place in safety for the night the articles that had been in use by the prisoner during the day. On the governor's return he, to his great surprise, found that Gibbs was *non est*, and a strict search was immediately made for him, but to no purpose. The governor thereupon proceeded without delay to give information to the police of the supposed escape of the prisoner, and prompt steps were taken to render his capture as much matter of certainty as possible. During the absence of Mr. Higgins, his wife, the matron, heard a noise near one of the chimneys, and shortly after was alarmed by the fall of several bricks from the top of an adjoining wall. A further search was immediately instituted, but this was also unsuccessful, and although the governor and officials now felt satisfied that the man was within the precincts of the gaol they could get no clue to his whereabouts, until in his anxiety to keep out of sight he placed one of his feet upon a skylight. His capture was then only the work of a few minutes, and precautions were at once taken to prevent any further attempt at escape. It seems that the moment Mr. Higgins had left the yard he climbed a chimney running up outside the prison, and had barely got on the roof when he was missed. During the first search, about seven p.m., he lay quiet behind this chimney, where he could see every one going out or coming into the gaol, and consequently when Mr. Higgins went to the police-station, he (Gibbs) came down into the yard, no doubt intending to scale two intermediate walls, each 9 ft. high, with several courses of loose bricks on the top; then get on the court-house, evidently fancying he would thus be nearly at liberty; but on trying to scale the first wall he alarmed Mrs. Higgins, and had again to climb the chimney, and when they searched for him on one side he was on the other, and it was in his hurry to play this game at "hide and seek" that he broke the skylight and was caught. His final capture took place about midnight. The prisoner was taken before the Rev. W. Strong, the Rev. W. Cape, C. J. Strong, Esq., and Thomas Life, Esq., on Tuesday, and was sentenced to three weeks' solitary confinement.—*Stamford Mercury.*

HORNIMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]

FRIGHTFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT SEGILL.

On Wednesday night, the 7th, about eleven o'clock, a most dreadful explosion took place at Seghill Colliery, about eight miles from Shields. At the time it occurred the night shift men were in, and in a moment seven men were swept into eternity. Seghill is a pit with extensive workings, and that part of the mine where it fired is known as the Far California bank; the hewers were then working at the "broken." The explosion took place in the hewers' boards, probably at a naked light, but that is matter of conjecture. It came tearing down the main roley way, but spent itself somewhat at the way ends; and though the noise of it was heard in all the other parts of the pit, none of the miners in any other part of the pit were hurt, except those in Far California, and they escaped to bank in safety. Of course as soon as it was known at bank that the pit had fired, the news fled about the village like "wild fire," and hundreds of persons flocked to the bank. Mr. Kettering, the head viewer, and Mr. Sanderson, the under viewer, were sent for, and the most desperate exertions were made to reach the men and lads buried in the far workings of California. But it was found that the pit was very foul, and that the roley way was choked up with falls from the roof.

Some further particulars of the terrible explosion in the Seghill Colliery, Northumberland, by which seven lives were sacrificed, have been obtained from one of the rescued men. It appears that the place where the explosion took place is known as the "old flat," hence the "California way." The men who were in there were killed; but the eleven men and lads who were subsequently rescued alive were some distance from the scene of the explosion, and are suffering from the effects of "styth" or choke-damp. One of the men states: "The pit cutter lad came back, and said, 'Rutherford, she's fired.' We came directly towards the shaft as fast as we could. We got behind the door in the cross cut in the Californian way which leads towards the Burradon workings. We got behind the door when we met the 'styth.' Me and Wedderburn put



THE PIT'S MOUTH AT SEGILL—RECOVERING THE BODIES.

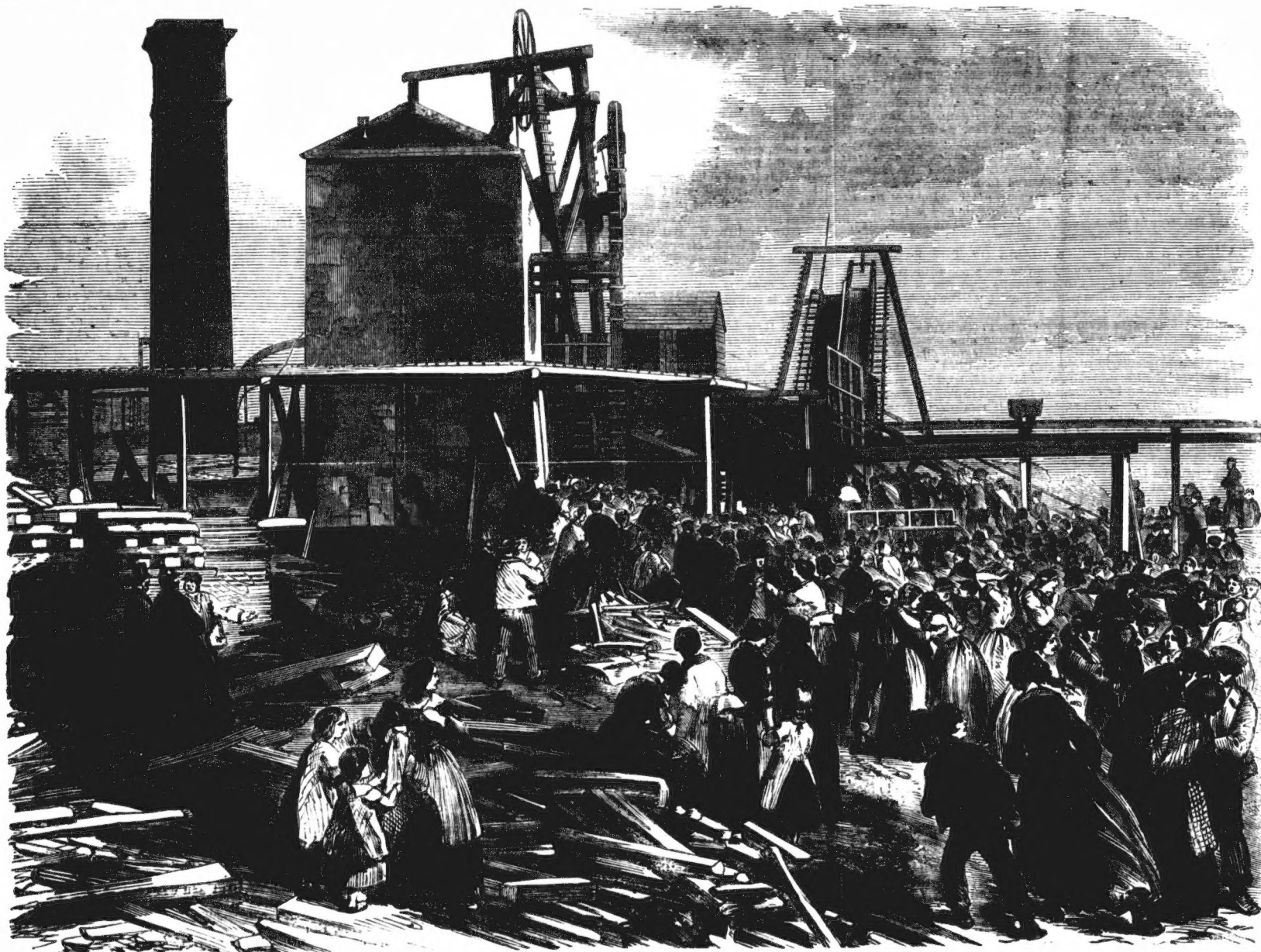
some small coal and clay in to stop the styth coming in through the door, and I believe this saved all our lives. About thirty yards of the door we met a little return air, which supported us all the time we were in. I did not become insensible until about half-past eight o'clock, nine hours and a-half after the explosion." The working parties during Thursday morning laboured with great energy to reach the men; but some hours elapsed before the ventilation was restored. In a stable in the Californian way eighteen ponies were destroyed by the explosion. The ponies in a stable nearer the shaft were uninjured. A fortnight ago Mr. T. E. Foster and Mr. John Taylor, the well-known mining engineers, inspected the mine, and everything they examined was to their satisfaction, both as regards the ventilation and the general arrangements of the workings; and Campbell, the master shifter, had made a minute inspection of the workings only three hours previous to the explosion. As is usual on these occasions, there was a large and prompt attendance of medical men at the colliery as soon as it was known that an explosion had taken place, and the viewers, with the pitmen from the neighbouring collieries, also flocked in to be in readiness to proceed to explore the mine in search of the lost men.

The pit at Seghill is expected soon to be ready for a recommencement of work. The bodies of those found dead in the workings have been removed to the houses of their friends. The men injured, with the exception of three, are able to leave their houses. There are, however, doubts entertained as to the recovery of Woods, who is seriously injured.

THE INQUEST.

The inquest upon the bodies of the men who were killed was opened at the Hope and Anchor Inn, Seghill, before Mr. Cockcroft, deputy coroner, on Friday afternoon. Mr. M. Dunn, inspector of coal mines, was present.

William Rutherford, Seghill, viewer, deposed: I was in Seghill Pit on Wednesday night last. I went down the pit about four o'clock to work in the night shift. I never saw Jackson down the pit. I went down with Whitehead and Reape. I also saw Robinson and Nyland. I saw them at half-past



THE COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT SEGILL—THE INQUEST AT THE PIT AFTER THE EXPLOSION



RAMSGATE SANDS.—THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON. (See page 215.)

eight o'clock. We were in the most southern part of the workings when the accident happened. We thought the Old Flat was the place of the accident. We came away as soon as we heard the alarm. I was not present when the bodies were found. I have seen none of the bodies since.

By a jurymen: I saw no fire in the pit, I was about half a mile from the explosion when it took place.

James J. Seghill, miner: I went down after the explosion. It was on Thursday morning, at about half-past five. I was not the first down. The first body we found was that of John Mills. He was sitting on a roley, which they used for carrying the wood away. The pony was dead which was in the roley. It was about 130 yards from the way that leads to the "California Flat" way. The roley was about 600 yards from the place of the explosion. He was not burnt at all, but quite dead. I think he was killed by the choke-jump. It was very warm at that time, and after getting Mills brought to bank we did not go down again till twelve o'clock. When we went down the second time, and arrived at the Old Flat End, we found Henry Whitehead. Some men were bringing him along on a hand-barrow. He seemed much burnt. I think he must have been on his road home at the time the explosion occurred. Whitehead was about twenty-eight years of age. I went home with him. I never went down the pit again. The place of the explosion has been well worked for upwards of four years. There was no more gas in this part of the pit than at any other. I never saw any gas in the mine.

Lennox Batty, Seghill: The body just viewed is that of George Jackson. He was a shifter, and was about sixteen years of age. He was one of those who lost his life on Wednesday night by the explosion. I have seen none of the other bodies. All the seven men were dead before they were brought up to bank. Heaps was very sorely burnt.

John Campbell, master shifter, deposed that he examined the pit previous to the accident, and was the first man that went down after the explosion. He was in the Yard Seam at the time the accident occurred. He saw the furnace-man, who told him there was something not altogether right. He penetrated as far as possible into the seam, but could not proceed far.

The Coroner, at this stage of the proceedings, said he now intended to adjourn the inquest until Thursday, when he expected the jury and witnesses.

On page 216 we give two illustrations relating to this serious calamity.

DREADFUL BOILER EXPLOSION NEAR MILNGAVIE.

[From the Glasgow Herald.]

FOUR PERSONS KILLED AND TEN INJURED.—Yesterday evening a boiler explosion, resulting, we regret to say, in serious loss of life and personal injury, occupied at the Print Works of Messrs. J. and A. Coumbrough, at Blanchland, near Milngavie. The boiler which gave way was one of the ordinary cylindrical shape, measuring twenty-four feet in length, by about eight feet in diameter. It stood by itself, resting on a bed of brickwork, and protected from the weather by a light shed. The furnace-door faced a dyehouse, about seventy feet long by sixty feet in breadth, and the opposite end of the boiler came close up to the engine the house. Between the dyehouse and the boiler was a space about nine feet in breadth, occupied by the fire-hole and a coal store. The accident occurred between half-past four and five o'clock, at which time the engine-men and fireman were standing in front of the furnace door, while the dyehouse was occupied by some sixty or seventy workpeople. The first intimation of the occurrence was a loud report, which shook the works and spread alarm throughout the whole neighbourhood. Then followed the noise of falling masonry, while the vicinity of the boiler became enveloped in clouds of steam and inundated with streams of boiling water. The boiler had given way in the inside flue, and the force of the explosion had blown off the furnace door, which was projected with great force against the dyehouse immediately opposite. The wall of this building facing the boiler was blown down, as was also that at the opposite end, distant about seventy feet, while a considerable portion of the roof was carried away. When the walls gave way the interior of the dyehouse was exposed to a deluge of scalding water mixed with steam, which occasioned more or less serious injuries to several of the workpeople, in addition to those who were hurt by the falling debris. The boiler was lifted up from its bed, but again settled down among the ruined brickwork, and at the end where the engine-house stood the force of the explosion only showed itself in hurling about loose bricks, which caused no material damage. Of the two men who were standing near the furnace door, Andrew Rutherford, engine-man, was so severely injured that he is not expected to recover. The fireman, David Barr, however escaped with a slight scalding. Within the dyehouse three boys, named Charles Ramsay, John Tennant, and Patrick Dunnison, and an old woman named Rosa Sanderson, were bruised and soiled to such an extent that they died shortly afterwards; while eight other persons, namely Malcolm Wallace, Patrick McCafferty, Samuel Paterson, Isabella McGordon (boy), sustained injury from the steam and hot water. In the five last-mentioned cases we believe the scalding is not of a serious character. The damage to the works is very considerable. In addition to the breaking down of the dyehouse walls, the machinery contained in that portion of the premises has been a good deal knocked about. The engines at the other end of the boiler, however, fortunately escaped. The cause of the accident remains as yet unexplained.

DEATH ON THE TREADMILL.—On Monday afternoon, Dr. Lankester held an inquest at the House of Correction, Colindale-fields, touching the death of George Williams, a black man, aged fifty-seven, who had been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for an assault. Annette Williams, who said she was the wife of the deceased, and had no home, stated that her husband was a carpenter by trade, but that they used to get a precarious living by going about selling books, which she bought in Paternoster-row. He was a runaway slave, and was a very great drinker. He sometimes had palpitation of the heart, and complained of pains in the head. Henry Hynes said he was the master brushman of the yard, and was attending at the bottom of the wheel the previous Friday, when deceased fell off. On going to him, he heard the rattles in his throat, and he died immediately. The prisoner had to go on the wheel fifteen minutes each turn, and deceased was on his last turn when he fell off, at half-past one. The deceased did not complain to him of being ill, and he seemed to work at the wheel as well as any other man. He had been in the prison seven days, but he had not been put to work at the wheel until the day on which he died. William Smith, M.D., surgeon to the House of Correction, said the prisoner was admitted last Friday week, when he complained of his heart, on which he excused the wheel. He ordered that the prisoner should not be put on the wheel, on account of his feeble heart. Contrary to these instructions, he was placed on the wheel on Friday. He was of opinion that the deceased died from the effects of an effusion of blood on the brain. William Davis, the warden of the yard, said he had only held that position a few days, his predecessor having gone out on leave on the Sunday, and he had not had time to examine the books and sheets containing the directions. The jury were of opinion that deceased died from effusion of blood upon the brain, and expressed their opinion that the conduct of William Davis, the warden, in not examining the relieving sheet before sending the deceased to the wheel was highly reprehensible.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE.—The season will commence here on Saturday next, the opening week being devoted to the First Part of "King Henry the Fourth," which was so successfully brought out last Easter. On the following Saturday will be represented the Second Part of the same play, Mr. Phelps appearing both as King and Justice Shallow. For the succeeding Saturday the play will be "Othello," with Mrs. Hermann Verdu and Miss Atkinson as Desdemona and Emilia, and Mr. Phelps and Mr. Creswick as Othello and Iago. The next revival will be "Cymbeline," introduced once more to these boards Mrs. Theodore Martin as Imogen, an actress who will be associated with most agreeable memories as Miss Helen Faucit. On the next Saturday, October 22nd, "Macbeth" will be brought out, with elaborate illustrations of the text, and with Mr. Phelps, Mr. Creswick, and Mrs. Theodore Martin in the principal characters. "Antigone," from the Greek of Sophocles, and a new play by Mr. Theodore Martin, called "Madonna Del Pia," are also announced, together with a new play by Mr. Edmund Falconer, as among the novelties in readiness. The excellent company of last season has been further strengthened by the accession of some established favourites of the public, and is evidently quite adequate to the support of the highest form of the drama.

PRINCESS.—There has been no change in the bill since the "Streets of London" was first brought out, nor is it likely there will be, from the crowds attending nightly. "Born to Good Luck" is the amusing afterpiece, with Mr. D. Murray as O'Rafferty.

OLYMPIC.—Yesterday (Friday) was the last night of the Olympic season, and was very appropriately assigned to the benefit of Mr. Emson, who, as joint lessee with the late Mr. Robson, has done so much to maintain the highly creditable and prosperous position of the theatre since it has passed under his direction. This evening will be given an extra performance, for the benefit of Mr. Conway, the treasurer.

ST. JAMES'S.—This theatre opened for the winter season on Monday evening, with Mr. Arthur Sketchley's new comedy, "How will they get out of it?" which was brought out the last night of the past season with so much success as to warrant its reproduction on the earliest occasion. The cast is precisely as before, including the names of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mrs. Stirling, Mr. W. Robinson, and Miss Wentworth. We have little to add to what we have already said of this very merry and well-constructed drama. The performers are well fitted in their parts, and it would be difficult, in these times at least to a play noted with more unflinching spirit and humour throughout. Mr. Arthur Sketchley has displayed talent for comic writing which entitles him to an honourable position among modern dramatists. At the end of the performance the applause was loud and universal, and the curtain rose, according to modern fashion, to afford a final glimpse of all the actors in their allotted places. The comedy was followed by Mr. F. C. Burnard's laughable burlesque "Faust and Marguerite," and the entertainments terminated with the farce of "Under the Rose."

STRAND.—This favourite establishment, after being thoroughly re-decorated and enlarged, re-opens on Monday evening next. Talford and Byron's burlesque of the "Miller and his Men" will be performed on the occasion, and, we believe, will be produced for twelve nights.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Miss Marriott commences her second winter season here this evening (Saturday), and produces Sheridan Knowles's play of "Love," followed by the new burlesque of "Arlene."

NEW ROYALTY.—The season here has begun in earnest. The performances are highly attractive, commencing with "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," followed by the admirable burlesque of "Ixtion; or, the Man at the Wheel," and concluding with "My Dress Boots."

PROFESSOR ANDERSON.—Crowded audiences continue to assemble within the splendid and capacious walls of St. James's Hall, to witness the performances of the far-famed wizard. His glittering apparatus, his sumptuous appointments, his ingenious adaptation of the latest discoveries of modern science to the purposes of his art, have combined to give the great thaumaturgist a position of importance in the particular vocation he has chosen which no other illusionist has ever attained.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Monday was a special day with Mr. Nelson Lee at the Palace, and owing to the enticing programme of amusements and entertainments put forward by that old favourite of the public, and the extreme fineness of the weather, the palace and the grounds attached to it attracted vast numbers of visitors. The performances commenced by the orchestral band of the company playing the overture "Le Cheval de Bronze," which was followed by an opening address written by Mr. Nelson Lee the younger, and delivered by Mr. Hyder, of Drury Lane Theatre, amidst applause. Lovers of acrobatic and athletic amusements were loud in their applause of the two French clowns, Messrs. Talloft and Burnelli. By permission of Mr. B. Webster the Adelphi farce of "The Area Belle" was produced, the cast including Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mr. R. Romer, Mrs. H. Lewis, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon. Messrs. Toole and Bedford's rendering of their respective characters was admirable. The comic department was well represented by Mr. William Randall, Unsworth, Mr. J. H. Stead, Mr. Sam Collins, Mr. Mark Floyd, and Harry Boleno. One of the great attractions of the day was the concert, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon and an efficient orchestra, commencing with the overture to "Mazaniello." Mr. George Perren sang in a very pleasing manner, "Come into the garden, Maud," and Miss Rebecca Innes was loudly cheered in the well-known ballad of "Charming May." An equal share of applause was awarded to Miss Anna Hiles, for the manner in which that lady rendered the cavatina, "The soldier tired of war's alarms." The whole of the entertainments were brought to a conclusion by the performance on the Handel Festival organ, by Mr. James Coward.

THE POLYTECHNIC.—Although this establishment is closed at present for necessary repairs and decorative embellishments, it will re-open on Monday, September 19th, when Professor Pepper will produce an entirely new lecture, which it is expected will be a companion one to his celebrated Ghost entertainment. The subject he has selected is "Sound and Acoustic Wonders," such as the Talking Heads, the Telephonic Concerts, the Invisible Girl, &c. The Ghost scenes will be continued, on account of their amazing attractiveness, under the auspices of Mr. J. L. King. A new musical entertainment is to be provided by Mr. Coote, illustrating the favourite story of "Sindbad the Sailor."

SAM COLLINS'S MUSIC HALL.—This well-conducted establishment on Islington-green is nightly crowded with a highly respectable and gratified audience. Indeed it could scarce be otherwise, for the talent engaged here is of the highest order. Among the company are Madame Losibini and Miss Constance, whose beautiful duets are executed in a chaste and elegant style. Miss Constance has a magnificent voice; and in addition to her well-known "Stonewall Jackson," she has this week introduced a lovely ballad, by W. H. Montgomery, entitled, "Those beautiful Bells," singing it with great taste to the accompaniment of Messrs. Fiddett. The comic element here is very strong, including the names of Albert Steele, Harry Clifton, Sam Collins himself, and others of note.

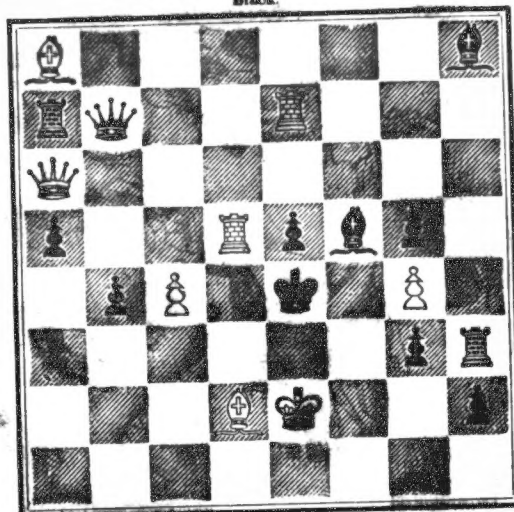
DEACON'S MUSIC HALL.—Mrs. F. R. Phillips's benefit, on Tuesday evening last, was, as we anticipated, a very complimentary one,

the hall being specially decorated with flags and devices by Mr. Meare, marine painter to the Steam Navigation Company. The principal favourites of the metropolis appeared on the occasion, and the concert passed off in a most spirited manner. During the evening Mrs. Phillips stated that she had much pleasure in introducing a new ballad, written by Watkin Williams, the author of many excellent popular songs, the music by the well-known composer, Mr. W. Montgomery. This ballad, she said, had just been published in that very interesting periodical, "Bow Bells," and while it introduced such compositions as the one she was about to sing, was deserving of the best support. (Cheers.) She added, that they would find both words and music exceedingly pretty, and would please them much. This was very soon borne out. The graceful symphony secured the utmost attention, and the first verse drew forth a round of applause. On its conclusion there was a loud demand for it again. Mrs. Phillips retained her grateful thanks for the compliment, also for the liberal support she had received on that special occasion, and which would be long remembered.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSIC HALL.—Since this spacious West-end hall has fallen into the hands of a limited liability company, it has been elaborately decorated, and it is now one of the most beautiful and lofty well-ventilated halls in the metropolis. The choruses and selections from "Trovatore," "Il Partisan" are admirably executed, under the able direction of Mr. Poole, in which the voices of Miss McEneaney, Miss Melville, Miss Lavigne, Signor Marsano, Mr. Raynor, and others tell with effect. The band and chorus are also most efficient. Miss Melville sings with much sweetness a pretty ballad, entitled "Those Beautiful Bells," a composition of Mr. W. H. Montgomery, which appeared in the popular periodical of Bow Bells. She has been deservedly and rapturously cheered on each time of rendering it. Among the other attractions here are the great Vance, the new aspirant to comic fame in London. He has already made himself highly popular here; another is Louis Lindsey, a clever nigger and dancer. The Fritz Family, and the graceful evolutions of the Brothers Elitrias on the horizontal poles and their more lofty performances present an exhibition in this class of entertainment not to be surpassed. The committee and the director (Mr. George Sinclair) are most assiduous in their attention.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 205.—By MR. RAINGER.
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. Kempe and Orchard, the former player giving the odds of Q.R.

[EVANS' GAMBIT]

[Remove White's Q.R. from the board.]

- | White. | Black. |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Mr. Kempe. | Mr. Orchard. |
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to KB3 | 2. Kt to QB3 |
| 3. B to B4 | 3. B to B4 |
| 4. P to QKt4 | 4. B takes P |
| 5. P to B3 | 5. B to B4 |
| 6. P to Q4 | 6. P takes P |
| 7. P takes P | 7. B to Kt3 |
| 8. B to Kt2 | 8. Kt to KB3 |
| 9. P to Q5 | 9. Kt to K3 |
| 10. P to Q6 | 10. P takes P |
| 11. B takes Kt | 11. P takes B |
| 12. Q takes Q P | 12. Kt to K3 |
| 13. Castles | 13. B to B2 |
| 14. Q to B5 | 14. P to Q3 (e) |
| 15. Q to Q5 | 15. Castles |
| 16. Kt to QB3 | 16. P to QB3 |
| 17. Q to KR5 | 17. Q to K square (b) |
| 18. Kt to Q5 | 18. B to K square |
| 19. K to R square | 19. Q to Q3 |
| 20. Kt to Q3 (c) | 20. Q to Kt5 (best) |
| 21. Q to B6 | 21. R to QKt square |
| 22. P to KB4 | 22. P to KB4 (d) |
| 23. Kt to KB3 | 23. R to K square (e) |
| 24. Kt to Kt5 | 24. B takes Kt (f) |
| 25. P takes B | 25. B to K3 (g) |
| 26. R to B3 (A) | 26. Q to B5 (i) |
| 27. Q takes Q | 27. Kt takes Q |
| 28. K to R3 | 28. Kt to K3 |
| 29. Kt to B6 (ch) | 29. R takes Kt (k) |
| 30. P takes R | 30. P takes P |
| 31. R to Kt3 | 31. B to B4 |
| 32. R to Kt5 | 32. R to Q B square |

White resigns.

- (a) If P to QKt3, Black loses a piece.
(b) B to K3 is probably better.
(c) Intending to advance the KB P.
(d) The proper reply. Q to R5 would lose the Kt.
(e) K to R square is decidedly a stronger reply.
(f) If Q to R5, Kt to B6 (ch), &c.
(g) Q to R5 should have been played here.
(h) White was apprehensive of danger, in taking the Pawn, from Black's response of Q takes B; but subsequent analysis proved that by that means he could have forced the game, e.g.:—
26. P takes P
27. R to Kt square; and it does not appear that Black can save defeat.
(i) This turns the scale in Black's favour. It was the only saving clause.
(k) Well played. The winning move.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
BOW STREET.

STREET PEACEMAN.—Richard Hibbs, a clergyman of the Church of England, was placed at the bar before Mr. Flowers to answer the charge of having caused an obstruction to the public thoroughfare by presiding in Trafalgar-square. Police-constable Henry Cornish, A. G. 6, was about to give his evidence, when the defendant demanded his address and questioned him as to his comprehension of the sacred obligation of an oath, almost before he had uttered a sentence. The officer being at length allowed to proceed, stated that he was on duty in Trafalgar-square at half-past three o'clock on Sunday afternoon when he saw a large crowd of persons assembled in the thoroughfare. The defendant was mounted on one of the terraces giving out the hymn. He was stationed between the National Gallery and the Grosvenor opposite. Witnesses went up to him, and requested him to go away, as he could not be permitted to preach there. There was a crowd of five or six hundred persons gathered at the time, causing serious obstruction in the carriage way to the vehicles passing through the square. On Sunday week witnesses and other constables had removed him from the same place. The defendant came down to the roadway, but refused to leave, and went on "arguing" with the people. Finding that he would not go away witness took him into custody, and the charge was taken at the station. Defendant: Was I not walking towards St. Martin's Church, actually going away, when you took me into custody? Witness: You walked a few yards only. You said you had a written order from Mr. Richard Mayne to preach there. Mr. Flowers: If that is so, Mr. Hibbs, you can produce it, and there is an end of the case. Defendant: It is not exactly an order, but a notice, which I exhibited here on a former occasion, and which gives me permission to preach unless requested by the inhabitants to desist. Now, sir, (to witnesses): Did I not call on my friends to follow me to Leicester-square? Defendant: Is not this sufficient proof that the constable has justified himself? He has sworn that I refused to go, and now admits that I was actually going. The fact is I took his number in my book, and wrote by the side of the entry the words, "very insolent." He then took me out of revenge. Mr. Flowers: I think it very probable that you intended to go, and that the constable may have been mistaken as to your intention. I shall, therefore, discharge you; but you must not preach in public thoroughfares to the obstruction of the traffic. I am sure you think it is very wicked for omnibuses and cabs to be out at all on Sundays, but you must not expect your judgment to be universally adopted. You are now discharged. Defendant: Oh, I have not done with this man yet. Now, sir—and this is a very grave matter, sir—are you the constable who addressed to me, a clergyman of the Church of England, the offensive words, "None of your shams?" Witness: Yes, I did use those words. Defendant (with great vehemence): Now, sir, let the public see what sort of men they have to deal with. Mr. Flowers: That was an impudent remark, no doubt; but Mr. Hibbs, we must bear in mind that a policeman is only a man, having blood, heart, and temper, like other men; and if you, a clergyman of the Church of England, cannot keep your temper (and any one who has seen your excited manner must be clear upon that point), you must not be surprised if a man in the constable's station of life should forget himself also. I dismiss the case. The defendant, who seemed anxious to keep up the case much longer, then reluctantly retired from the dock.

WESTMINSTER.

A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—Edward Sharpe, a respectable-looking young man, was placed at the bar, charged with stealing a gold watch, value £30, and appendages. Mrs. Eliza Bannock, of 5, Rose-terrace, Fulham-road, said that she accused the prisoner of stealing her watch and appendages because no one else could have taken them. He was employed to clean the windows, and as had access to the property which had been left in a drawer. Mr. Sharpe: How did the prisoner know that you had a watch in that drawer? Mrs. Bannock: He was there cleaning the windows in his dinner hour, and having said that he thought it was growing late and he must come in the evening to finish his work, I took the watch out of the drawer, and looking at it told him the time, and then replaced it in his presence. Mr. Sharpe: When did you miss it? Mrs. Bannock: I went to the drawer again at five o'clock, and then I missed my watch and appendages. A locket key belonging to the watch was lying on the mat where I had left it. At half-past six the prisoner came to finish the windows. I allowed him to go upstairs, and then I sent for a constable and gave him into custody for stealing it. I said to prisoner, "You have stolen my watch." He replied, "You took the watch out to show me, after which you put it round your neck." That was not true, I assure you, for I replaced it in the drawer after I had told the prisoner the time. Prisoner: You will excuse me, madam, but you did not put it in the drawer. I saw you fling the chain round your neck, and you left the house to speak to a lady. Mr. Sharpe: Did you know anything of the prisoner before? Mrs. Bannock: No; but he was recommended by a respectable person. Prisoner: I am a respectable man, and it can be proved I have worked for three years for Mr. Larken in the Fulham-road. I began the drawing-room windows, and was then called up to do this lady's bedroom windows, and there she looked at the watch and told me the time, after which she put it round her neck, as I have stated. I declare to God that I never touched the watch, and know nothing about it. I was never locked up in my life before, and I can receive the best of characters. Mr. Sharpe: At what time do you consider the accused must have taken the watch? Mrs. Bannock: Directly after I replaced it in the drawer. I left the room to speak to a lady, leaving the prisoner in the room at the time. Mr. Sharpe: Who else had access to the room between that and the time you missed your watch? Mrs. Bannock: Nobody; I looked the door directly after the prisoner left, and about two o'clock, and kept the key in my pocket until I missed the watch. Mr. Sharpe: Was the drawer in which you kept it locked? Mrs. Bannock: No, it was not; the room door being locked was deemed sufficient. Mr. Sharpe: Who else was in the house? Mrs. Bannock: Only a charwoman, who never went into that room, and the owners of the house, who occupy the second floor. Prisoner (to prosecutor): You may depend upon it you are mistaken, madam. You put the watch round your neck. Mr. Sharpe: Are you sure you did not do so? Mrs. Bannock: Quite sure. Mr. Sharpe: I suppose you sometimes wear it. When is that? Mrs. Bannock: On Sundays, or if I want to go to a concert or anything of that sort. The lady's niece: I am certain that my aunt did not wear the watch. A young woman engaged as a workwoman at the house at the time said she had her dress buttoned off, and could not have worn it. Mr. Sharpe said it was an extraordinary affair, and the police must make a strict examination of the premises. He must detain the accused, but would take bail in £30 for his appearance on a future day.

A CHILD CUTTING HER THROAT.—A very comfortably-dressed and well-groomed child, named Sarah Keefe, was charged with cutting her own throat with a razor. Mrs. Ann Baldwin said that she lived at 6, Wil-pole-mews, Cavendish-square, and was at present taking charge of her sister's house, 23, Stanley-square, Piccadilly, and had gone with her husband into the country for a few days. The prisoner who was their servant, having heard that her aunt was going out of town, on Saturday began crying about it, and nothing would pacify her. She was much distressed in mind apparently on both Sunday and yesterday morning, and declared that she felt herself so miserable that she did not know what to do. Mr. Sharpe: Did she say what made her feel so miserable? Witness: She said she was thinking about her dead mother, and now her aunt had gone away. Mr. Sharpe: When and how did she cut her throat? Witness: Yesterday, at dinner hour, and with a razor. I heard her go up-stairs just before, and I called her to come to her dinner, and receiving no answer I sent my little boy up-stairs. When he got into her bedroom he saw her kneeling on the floor with her head upon a chair, and the blood was oozing from her throat, which was cut. My little boy came down very much alarmed, and I sent immediately for a doctor. (Witness was here so overcome that she fainted, and was obliged to be removed from the court.) William King, 257 B, said that at half-past four on Monday afternoon he was sent for to the house, and the two razors he produced were given to him. He found the child with her throat cut, and a doctor had been there and dressed it. Mr. Sharpe: Where has she since been? Witness: After taking her to St. George's Hospital I conveyed her to the workhouse, where they kept a watch over her until this morning. Mr. Sharpe: Has the child neither father or mother? A private of the fusiliers stated that her father and mother were both dead. Her father had been dead ten years, her mother two years, the latter being deranged. Witness's aunt then took charge of the child, and got her present situation for her food and clothing. Mr. Sharpe: What is her age? Witness: Between twelve and thirteen. Mr. Sharpe: Let her be taken back to the workhouse for the present, and I should like to see the medical officer there when he has examined her.

PITIFUL CONDITION OF AN AGED MOTHER.—William Moffitt, a man thirty-three years of age, was charged with serious annoyance and wilful damage at the house of his mother, Mrs. Susan Moffitt, 33, Berwick-street, Piccadilly. The mother, who had the appearance of a decayed gentiwoman, and who is upwards of seventy years of age, said that it was with the greatest pain and reluctance that she appeared against her own son, but he drove her to it by his misconduct, and she felt it was necessary for her own protection. He was constantly annoying her, and the previous night willfully broke a pane of glass, and so disturbed her lodgers that she feared

she should lose them. Mr. Sharpe: Does he live with you? Complainant: No; I should have liked him to have done so, but his conduct has been so wicked, it would have been a great protection and comfort to a person of my years to have had him with me, but I could not. He is constantly annoying me. Mr. Sharpe: What is the cause of it? Complainant: Drunkenness. I am sorry to say, he was brought up to a good business, and it is a capital workman. He can and does earn a great deal of money, and spends it in drink, and then he comes and annoys me. Mr. Sharpe: Is that often? Complainant: Frequently; he comes at all hours and disturbs my peace. I have but a short time left me here, and I should much like to be quiet. He came last night, intoxicated, and because I would not admit him he threw a stone through one of my windows. Mr. Sharpe: What do you say, defendant, to such conduct towards your aged mother? Defendant: I will promise not to trouble her any more. Mr. Sharpe: Why not take the pledge and keep it? It seems all your misconduct arises from your drunkenness. Complainant: It does. He would be well enough if he kept sober. Defendant: I will take the pledge. I assure you, I will. Mr. Sharpe: I will let you have an opportunity of doing so. I will give you another chance, but you must understand me. If you are brought here again, take my assurance that I will send you to prison without a fine. I shall require you to enter into recognizances of £10 to keep the peace for six months, and mind you don't break it. Defendant: I won't; I'll take the pledge.

CLERKENWELL.

WHAT CAN A RETURNED TRANSPORT DO?—Charles Baxter, a returned convict, was charged with being at the back of some premises at Fillington with intent to commit a felony. From the evidence it appeared that the police, between the hours of one and two in the morning, heard some dogs barking, and on their going to the back of the house they saw a man in the canal, and making a search they found the prisoner concealed. On being told him what he did there, he said that he had been to see his brother, and that he was returning home. Not believing his story, they took him into custody, and since then they had ascertained that a burglary had been committed near the place at which the prisoner was apprehended. At that spot a chisel was picked up which corresponded with marks that were on the doors of the house that had been broken into. The prisoner had been tried for burglary, and sentenced to penal servitude, and previous to that had been several times convicted. The prisoner said he was doing no harm, and he did not know what a returned convict was to do. He could get no work, could not steal, and if he walked about the police took him into custody. What was he to do? On this occasion he was only returning home, when he was taken into custody and charged with an offence of which he was not guilty. The magistrate said that, seeing the character of the prisoner, he could not doubt but that he was at the place for an unlawful purpose. He then remanded the prisoner to three calendar months' hard labour in the House of Correction. The prisoner said he had better be in prison than hunted about.

CHILD DESTROYED.—Margaret Winter, a decently-attired, respectable-looking young woman, who had a healthy-looking chubby infant in her arms, described herself as an ironer, residing at 5, Frederick-street, St. John's Wood, was charged before Mr. Barker with unlawfully exposing her female child in Guildford-street, Russell-square, whereby the health of such child might have been permanently injured. The prisoner, who appeared to feel her position very severely, was allowed to be seated. Police-constable Webb, 110 E, said: About half-past nine on Friday night the prisoner and another female came to the Hauser-street police-station, and asked the inspector if he could tell where the child was gone that was found in Guildford-street a few nights before. She was told that the child had been taken to the St. Pancras Workhouse, and she said that she thought if she could see it she could identify it. She and the other woman accompanied him to the workhouse, and as soon as the child was shown her, and which is the one she now has in her arms, she began to cry. He (witness) asked her what she was crying about, and she then said the child was hers, to which he then added that she had left it in Guildford-street on the Monday night before. He took her into custody and charged her. Mr. Charles Potter said he was a joiner, and resided at 19, Henry-street, Pentonville. About eleven o'clock on Monday, the 5th inst., as he was passing the Foundling Hospital in Guildford-street, Russell-square, he saw a parol lying just outside the gates, and found it to contain a child. He took charge of it, and afterwards gave it to a police-constable. He should say the age of the child was about two months, and the one the prisoner had in her arms was the one. There was no one near him when he found the child, nor had he noticed anyone near the spot immediately before. Mr. William Beard, a clerk residing at 61, Great Russell-street, said that he was standing at the corner of Leadenwall-place, speaking to a friend, and saw three women standing by the Foundling gate. A little time after one of the women crossed over where he was standing, and after waiting a while while she was crying about, and she then said the child was hers, to which he then added that she had left it in Guildford-street on the Monday night before. When he crossed over he saw the child found. Police-constable 21 E said he received the child in question, and conveyed it to the workhouse. It was well clad and appeared very strong and healthy. The child the prisoner now had in her care was to the best of his belief, the child. Mr. Barker asked the prisoner if she wished to ask the witnesses any questions and being answered in the negative, desired to know if she had anything to say in answer to the charge. The prisoner said that unfortunately for her the child was here, and was illegitimate. She had been short of work, and being afraid that she could not support the child as well as she could wish, she thought she would leave it outside the Foundling, and that then it would be taken in there and well done for, and well cared for. She had not the slightest intention of injuring the child, and it nearly broke her heart when she perceived with it, although she thought it would be better done by and better provided for in the Foundling than if she kept it. She did not wish it to go to the workhouse, and if she was allowed to go home she would promise never to do such a thing again. Her child was very, very dear to her, yet she thought it was for the child's good when she placed it outside the Foundling gate, believing that it would be taken in there. Mr. Barker remanded the prisoner for a few days, and directed that inquiries should be made as to her. The prisoner was removed hugging her baby and weeping bitterly.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THE FEMALE PEDESTRIAN AT THE ALHAMBRA.—Mr. Thomas Wright, cashier at the Alhambra, Leicester-square, appeared before Mr. Tyrwhitt to answer a summons for detaining a book the property of Mr. Ellis, the female, for Mrs. Margaret Douglas, the female, who had undertaken to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours at the Alhambra Palace. Mr. Lickfold, from the office of Mr. Levy, appeared for the complainant, and Mr. Lewis was for the defendant. Mr. Lickfold stated that the summons was taken out by Mr. Ellis to recover a book from the defendant. Mr. Ellis was under an agreement for Margaret Douglas to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, and for the purpose of carrying out the agreement Mr. Ellis provided a book, in which the time each mile was performed in was entered and signed by the timekeepers who were engaged for that purpose. Mrs. Douglas complied with the terms of the agreement up to about a week ago, and walked a mile within each hour. Mr. Wyld had only paid one week. Application, however, had been made to that gentleman while he was in the hands of the sheriff in Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane, but Mr. Wyld refused to pay anything more, and for the first time stated that the agreement had not been complied with, although she thought it would be better done by and better provided for in the Foundling than if she kept it. She did not wish it to go to the workhouse, and if she was allowed to go home she would promise never to do such a thing again. Her child was very, very dear to her, yet she thought it was for the child's good when she placed it outside the Foundling gate, believing that it would be taken in there. Mr. Barker remanded the prisoner for a few days, and directed that inquiries should be made as to her. The prisoner was removed hugging her baby and weeping bitterly.

MARYLEBONE.

CONVICTION UNDER PASS-ACT.—Francis Novara, a native of Parma, was charged before Mr. Mansfield with refusing to desist playing his organ when requested to do so and leave the neighbourhood. Mr. George Fox deposed: I am a merchant, residing at No. 31, Gloucester-place, Paddington. On the previous evening the prisoner was playing his organ near my house. I stepped out and asked him to go away. He would not, and the people about encouraged him to stay and continue playing. I found a policeman, who at first would not take him into custody. Afterwards the people tried to prevent the policeman taking him. I am greatly annoyed by these organs. They commence by half-past eight in the morning and continue without interruption till ten or eleven at night. Mr. Mansfield: What was your reason for wishing the prisoner to desist and leave? Mr. Fox: I have illness in my house. I have had two doctors attending my child for some time. She is suffering from the arteries at the feet of the brain being affected. It is the people and servants about the neighbourhood who encourage them to play by giving them pence to go on when I request them to desist. Inspector Steer: The neighbourhood has been greatly infected by these organs, and is consequence of numerous complaints I have had to place an extra policeman on duty. Mr. Mansfield: When the prisoner was requested to go did he make any notice? Mr. Fox: He made no answer. He did not speak English to me. Inspector Steer: At the station I asked him his name and he said he did not understand English. I then an interpreter prisoner said he was going away, when he was told to continue playing by two gentlemen. They forced him to play three. Mr. Mansfield said: This is a case in which the law must be enforced. This gentleman has his child ill, and has been subjected to great annoyance and inconvenience through a continuation of such noise, which is encouraged by other people. They get such a person as the wretched prisoner before me now, and cause him to continue his nuisance to the annoyance of respectable people. In this case I must inflict a fine, and the folks who get these men into their trouble must be taught that their neighbours cannot be subjected to such noises in front of their houses, especially in the case of illness. I shall inflict the full fine in this case—that is, 40s; in default of payment Novara to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for one month, and I shall continue to put the law in full force in every case brought before me where there is a conviction. Mr. Babbage has written a book in which he shows how he has been made to suffer by this abominable nuisance. This gentleman states that he does not understand an operation, and the doctors deemed quietude one of the most essential things for his safety, yet some found engages a brass band to play within a few doors of Mr. Babbage's house at two o'clock in the morning—just at the time when the doctor was endeavouring to get his patient to sleep. Anything more infamous I cannot conceive than for people to make themselves so obnoxious. They must be devoid of all feeling. The fine was paid.

WORSHIP STREET.

DETERMINED ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—Jane Grashaw, otherwise Frances Galloway, which name she now gave, was charged with attempting suicide by strangulation under these circumstances:—George Wilkie, a carpenter, living in President-street, Mile-end, said: This morning while at breakfast I heard the street-door latch move, and on going into the passage saw the prisoner in the act of passing to the rear of the house. She made several excuses for being there, and suspecting that her motive was robbery, I gave her into custody; she was sober. Fordham, 197 H, I took the charge. She was put into the police-cell, and when I unlocked it shortly afterwards to bring her to this court she was lying on one of the forms, black in the face from the tightness with which a piece of tape was fastened round her throat. I am certain that in two minutes more she would have been dead. She said nothing. Police-constable 280 H: I have known the prisoner for years. Six months since she was at Clerkenwell sessions for stealing from a respectable dwelling-house; previous to that time, for a very cruel robbery of clothing from the lodging of a poor family. In fact, she has been several times sentenced for that class of offence usually committed by her, having in some way got into places unbecomingly occupied. Bendall (the goaler): On the 27th of last month she was here on such a charge, and remanded. When the van came I found her nearly dead in the cell, a piece of ribbon being then tied round her throat so firmly that I could scarcely get it cut. At the House of Detention she made a similar attempt to destroy herself, and was kept under restraint until brought here on the following week. She then expressed a wish to die, and ultimately with two other prisoners on remand for trying to destroy themselves was ordered to find two sureties in £20 each, and their own recognizances in £10 to be of good behaviour for six weeks—this woman actually obtained the bail, as also did a youth named Facker, who had endeavoured to poison himself. This is the fourth time the prisoner has been saved from strangulation. Fully committed for trial.

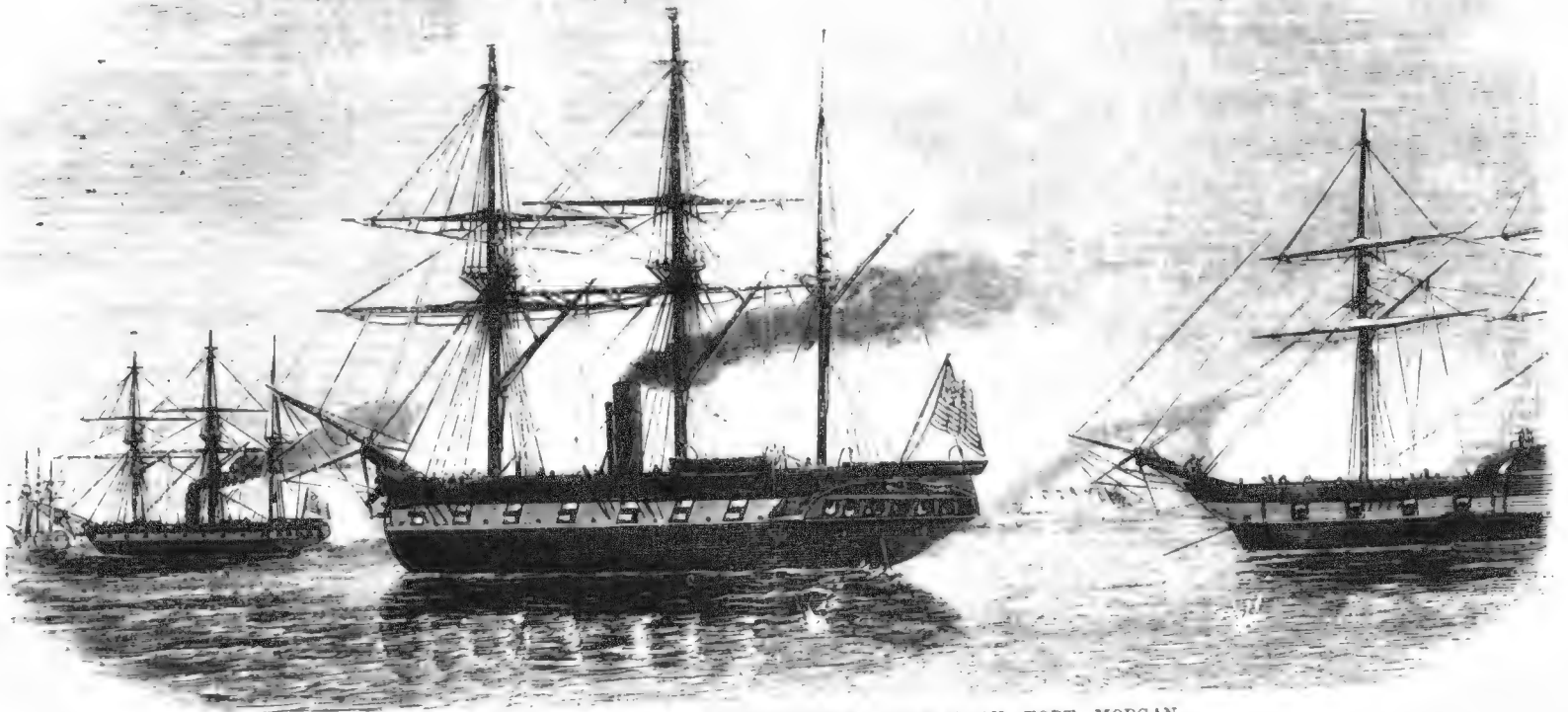
JEALOUSY AND CARNAGE.—Henry Stratford, a powerful young man 30 years of age, was charged before Mr. Cooke with violently assaulting Mary Anne Stratford, his wife. Complainant's face was marked as from blows, and she appeared greatly excited while giving her evidence. She said:—I have been married only six months. My husband has frequently ill-used me, but I never complained of him until now at a police-court. No earthly being can tell what I have suffered. He left me on a sick bed when but three months his wife. Last night he met me in Barchin-row, knocked me down with his fist, and kicked me. I was compelled to give him into custody. Two respectable women, seemingly disinterested, confirmed this statement, and Robert, the beadle of St. Luke's parish, said: I saw about 100 persons assembled in Barchin-row, and thought that murder was being committed; he did not strike her in my presence; I caught him not so. I saw her on the ground, and I tumbled over her, crippling myself. Defendant: She fell when I pushed her. I neither struck nor kicked her. Not any one could credit the life I have led with this woman; she has sold my home, pledged my clothes, created a disturbance at White-bread's brewery where I worked, that resulted in my being discharged, although I succeeded in begging myself back, and all through jealousy, which I swear she has no more cause for than I believe I have. Mr. Cooke: A few days since you were here, when she summoned a young woman for assaulting her. I suppose that is the person she is suspicious of. I bound her over to keep the peace, and gave you advice which has clearly been neglected. I cannot doubt that you have ill-used her, and she is approaching her condemnation. There may be faults on both sides, but here cannot justify violence from you. I now order that you find two responsible sureties in £20 to keep the peace towards your wife for six months. Defendant: Thank you, sir, for it will be six months' peace for me at any rate.

THAMES.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT WITH A KNIFE.—Hannah Harvey, a middle-aged female, was charged before Mr. Paget with assaulting Arthur Palmer with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. The prosecutor stated that he lived at 59 Sidney-street, Commercial-road. On Saturday night, about twelve o'clock, he was going home along Sidney-street when he came up to the prisoner, who was in the company of a man. When he got up to them the man left the prisoner, and gave the prosecutor a violent blow on his mouth. Complainant said he would give him in charge. The man then closed with him (prosecutor). In the struggle they both fell. The prisoner then, upon a attempting to get up, gave him a blow upon his head with a knife. The prosecutor was instantly supported by several persons, who took him to the London Hospital, where he was attended to. He held all the way to the station. Mr. Charles Clarke said that he was in the company of the prosecutor when he heard the blow given by the man. He turned round and saw that he had been struck. He afterwards saw the prisoner with a knife in his hand. Mr. Paget: What sort of a knife was it? Witness: It was a sort of Spanish knife. I went to the hospital with the prosecutor, and returned to Sidney-street, when as I knew the house into which the prisoner had gone, as I followed her there. I went there with him and found her. Was the man there? I was told that he was not; but I have been since told that he was seen walking over the tiles of the houses. Other evidence was given showing that the prosecutor received from her a severe blow on his head, when she was committed for trial.

LAMBETH.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Mary Gladden, a middle-aged married woman, was charged before the Hon. G. C. Norton with throwing herself into the Surrey Canal, with the intention of destroying herself. Police-constable 315 P said that on Sunday morning, about a quarter past seven o'clock, he was told that a woman had thrown herself into the Surrey Canal, and on hurrying to the spot he found the prisoner on the bank in a state of exhaustion, and her clothes dripping wet, and with assistance he removed her to the station, where she was identified by her friends. Mr. Norton: Did the prisoner assign any reason for throwing herself into the water? Witness: Yes, sir; she said that her husband had accused her of improper intimacy with her son. Mr. Norton: Is the husband here? Witness: No, sir. He called at the station on Sunday so drunk that he was scarcely able to stand. Mr. Norton: Did the prisoner appear to you to be sober when taken out of the water? Witness: No, sir. She was drunk, and smelt strongly of liquor. Mr. Norton: What a frightful state of things—both husband and wife drunk! Constable: The prisoner is in a dreadful state. She is black and blue all over, and I have no doubt she has been dreadfully beaten by her husband, and that that is the cause of his not attending here, being, in fact, afraid of appearing. Mr. Howe, a milkman, deposed to having drawn the prisoner out of the water, and Mr. Norton remanded her for a week, directing that a summons should be issued for the attendance of her husband at the next examination.



THE AMERICAN WAR—ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S ATTACK ON FORT MORGAN.

SKETCHES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE above illustration represents the attack upon Fort Morgan, Mobile by Admiral Farragut, as described in our American news. That below shows the interior of a Confederate work before Petersburg.

A SHIP CAPTAIN PUT IN IRONS BY HIS CREW.
 "We learn," says the *Dundee Advertiser*, "from the *Commercial Gazette*, a paper published at Port Louis, on the 1st and 2nd of August last, Captain William Donaldson, of the British ship *Jeannie Douglas*—a gentleman well known in this neighbourhood—brought an action against his chief mate and fourteen of his crew, for having, on the 15th July, 1864, on the high seas, wilfully and maliciously assaulted him and put him in irons, and for having farther wilfully and maliciously kept him in irons and confined in his cabin till the 27th of the same month, when, on the arrival of the ship at Port Louis, he was released by order of the magistrates. The prisoners did not deny the charge, but pleaded in defence that

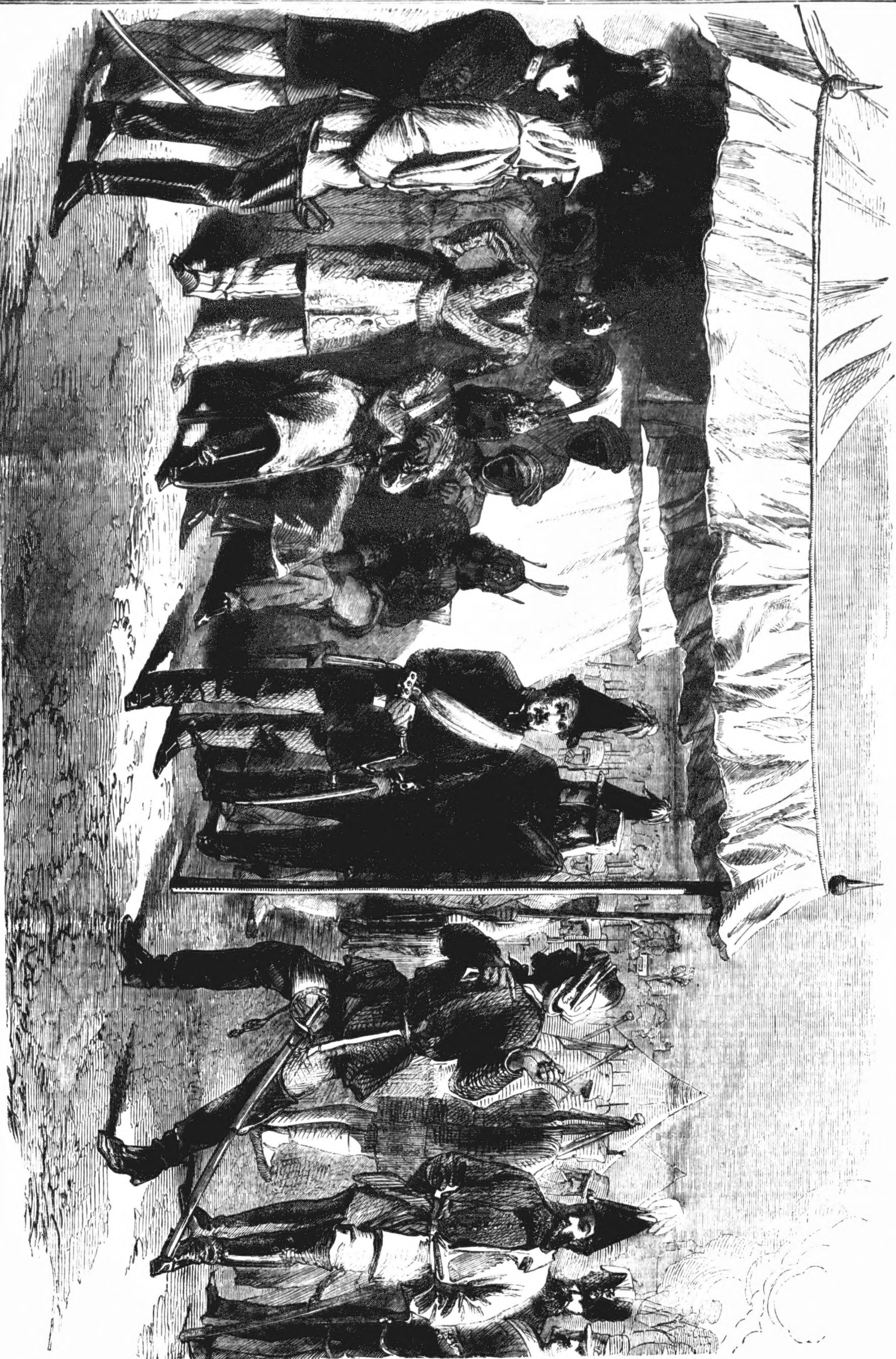
they were justified in resorting to extreme measures for the safety of the ship and the preservation of their own lives; that the master's behaviour on board was such as to inspire them with most serious fear; that he used to walk about the deck armed with pistols, firing at random, and acting like a man out of his mind repeatedly threatening to blow the ship up, and blow the chief mate's brains out. It appeared from the evidence of Captain Donaldson that on the 12th of July the boatswain complained to him that a sailor, named Loft, had struck him on the head with a mallet, whereupon the captain ordered the mate to bring Loft aft and put him in irons. This he neglected to do, and when remonstrated with for refusing to perform his duty, he said to the captain, 'I am not going to do your dirty work; if you want him, make him come yourself.' The captain then discovered that the chief mate was fraternising with the crew, and that they were in a state of mutiny. After dark he armed himself with a revolver and a dagger, and went on deck, determined to enforce obedience, but failed to obtain assistance from any of the crew. He then intimated that as the ship was in a state of mutiny, he should be justified in shooting

any one who dared to disobey him. Some other instances of insubordination occurred, and on the 15th of July the captain was seized and put in irons—an act of violence in which the chief mate had a leading hand. The captain was then locked in his own cabin, and the chief mate steered for Port Louis. The crew, having refused to open the cabin doors in order to let in fresh air, the captain was obliged to blow it open with three quarters of a pound of gunpowder, which he had in his cabin. In the course of cross-examination it came out that the crew had been shipped at Shields—that they had, with only one exception, come on board the worse for liquor—that they asked for grog, which was refused—and that one of them said to the captain, 'It's a long way to Shanghai; we'll let you know what we are before getting there.' The crew offered no evidence in defence, and the judge, who remarked that from the nature of the case, Captain Donaldson would have been justified in preferring against them a charge of conspiracy, mutiny, and revolt, instead of assault, sentenced the chief mate (Thomas Boddmoth) to twelve weeks, and the other prisoners to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour and costs."



THE AMERICAN WAR—INTERIOR OF CONFEDERATE WORKS AT PETERSBURG.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL (LORD CLYDE), THE RE-CONQUEROR OF INDIA, AND MAHARAJAH JUNG BAHADUR. (See page 222.)



Literature.

HIGHLAND JESSIE;
OR,
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.
A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER CXV.

A GENERALLY VULGAR CHAPTER.

THE fact is—she was jealous.

She could not help it, and she began to display the jealousy about four hours after she and Tim had quite agreed to board and lodge together for life.

You see, Wilhelmina was getting past that time of life when lovers as common as love-locks, and now the Lurcher had indubitably bagged her sergeant, she kept a very tight hold on that official.

Tim had no idea of playing Willyminer false. He was so broken down by that unlucky shot of his, that all his small cockney varieties and perquisites had been knocked out of him for life. In fact, he was very grateful to Skeggs for accepting him, for he had his doubts, within three hours of the engagement, whether he ought not to blow out his brains as the best way of ending the business.

Mind—don't suppose for one moment that he arrived at this momentary conclusion by any conviction that he tied to Seraphina for life were less preferable than death. Nay, do not suppose he repented of the arrangement. The plain unvarnished truth is, that he so despised himself over that unlucky shot that it was himself he thought not fit for Willyminer. The question did not rise in his mind—was Willy good enough for him?

And certainly she was a dose.

As a lady of fashionable tendencies, she tried to bottle her jealousy, but it would fly off.

It was she herself that paid the visit of information to Jessie MacFarlane.

It was early one morning, in the exact middle of September, when Miss Skeggs appeared like a vision to Jessie, and dressed, as to her head, in that extraordinary gear which, idiotic as it appeared, was certainly an idea, and one which Miss S. had the honour of introducing.

Everybody who knows India is aware that the head has to be protected carefully from the sun, and that stuffed hats are worn to break the fierce down-pour of heat to which the head is subject.

Well, Miss Skeggs had invented a sun-bonnet for ladies. This is how she did it. She cut out two shapes, each of which was something between an unfilled night-cap and a close bonnet without any—certain, I believe, is the word for the gable-roof appendage behind.

Then she sewed the shapes together—they had been cut out of that black silk apron, to which reference has already been made—and stuffed the hollow full of dry grass. Then all was done, and Miss Skeggs put it on. It was ugly—indisputably ugly, for it looked like a bonnet which had never been up to anything, and was then and there gaspingly dropped.

But the—machine, as O'Rackie called it, was useful, and within twenty-four hours all the spare bits of cotton and cloth were being manufactured into "dowdies," as Mrs. Captain Bury named them on the nail.

This affair of the dowdies is mentioned out of pure honour to Miss Skeggs. She would deny the whole business at this present moment, but in reality the discovery was her quota of usefulness to the wants of the garrison.

So Mrs. Flat elect, with a white handkerchief thrown over her sun-bonnet to give it a West-end air, called upon Jessie, who, by the way, was pale and hollow-eyed, for she had been ailing during a day or two.

"Morning, Miss Farmalkin; you are looking better."

"Yes," said Jessie, with her natural cautiousness dropping out even in the admission that she was not so ill as she had been; "yes, I'm better."

"Have you heard the news, Mrs. Jessie?"

Jessie frowned, for this was the first occasion upon which the Skeggs had called her "Mrs. Jessie."

"No, I haven't heard the news; is't O'Havelock?"

"No, not the relief," said Skeggs, but she spoke in a tone which said as much as "Not quite so good as the relief, but not much less delicious news than that."

Jessie comprehended the tone.

"Hey, ye've just heard good news for yersel'?"

"Which I have been the bearer of good news and jifful to another."

"Hey—ye're improving. Wilna ye tak' ye're bonnet off?"

"No, Miss Macfarlane," said Skeggs, drawing herself up, "for this is a morning call, being but for a quarter of an hour, which being aware of what etiquette were, I shall not—bonnet, I mean."

"Hey—ye can jest do as ye like. And what's the news?"

"Well, this," says Willyminer.

And thereupon, with her delicate right forefinger (she had got a pair of mittens on), she pointed to the third finger of her left hand.

Jessie looked as dry as a bone, and hating mystery, in the perfect practical mode, she said, "Canna ye speak?"

"Yes," said Skeggs—"oh, yes,"—here she giggled. "Which wedding-ring it means. I'm—he, he, he—I'm going to be married."

"Hey, 'tis time ye was!" said Jessie.

"Miss Macfarlane!" screamed Skeggs, for she saw a double meaning in this remark, which was calculated to let any woman, one who had never even heard of the West-End, shudder through-out her entire anatomy.

"If ye mean, ye've been jst looking for a husband as long ye ought, indeed, to have got off long since."

"On!" said Willyminer, experiencing a general conviction that her visit was not the triumphant success she intended it to become. In fact, she felt the humiliating sensation of being put in a corner—of being shut up—or, say, of being snuffed out.

"And what's the swain?" asked Jessie.

"Which, from attentions received, I should have thought which guess you would?"

"Hey, is it Tom Dobbles, putr fellow?"

"The which it is not!" says the Lurcher.

"Hey, 'tis one of our regiment, dootless."

And thereupon, with the conviction full upon her that the visit was quite a failure, she opened fire upon the enemy—upon her rival.

"Which it's Sergeant Timothy Flat?"

"Tim?" says Jessie.

"Timothy!" replies Lurcher, rallying a little at this view of the obvious disadvantage at which Jessie MacFarlane has arrived.

"Hey, woman," says Jessie, with genuine astonishment, "see the laddie has just accepted ye at last, has he?"

"Accepted me, Miss—Miss, which I never could pronounce it—accepted me! I accepted him, and very happy."

"Wha's happy, Skeggs—ye?"

"Which, in course of dooty, I am happy."

"Hey, I thought it was a he," said Jessie, planting thereby such a blow in the Skeggs' heart that the bruise has never vanished.

"Which I think I had better go," said Skeggs.

"Hey, ye may stop if ye like"

"Good morning,"

"Gude morning," replies Jessie.

"Which, by all means, gude morning, though the word is not so pronounced in fashionable society."

And thereupon Skeggs got up, elegantly dressed after what she thought was the fashion, and sallied out delicately flinging the white handkerchief over the "dowdy," and trying to look serene.

But balls are no respecters of persons.

She was knocked over like a nine-pin.

What! you thought, reader, I had remarked that Skeggs was at the present moment a West-end personage?

So she is; for you must know that the ball that knocked her over was a spent ball, and that it lodged not in her head, but the dried grass of the dowdy.

She yelped, and fainted, of course.

Whereupon two persons of opposite sexes, brought their heads together in the blindest manner as they stooped to pick up that fair form.

The one individual was Jessie, who, at the sight of Willy on the ground, forgot her contempt, and only thought of her natural kind-heartedness.

So out she rushed, with one of her national "heys," to Wilhelmina's side, while Tim Flat, coming up to look after his love, as he had a perfect right to do, came in at what he and Jess, for a moment, supposed was the death.

And that is how they knocked their heads together.

"Is she gone?" shrieks Tim.

Jessie made no answer.

"Willyminer," says Tim, "you don't mean to say as ye're knocked over?"

"Hey, no, mon. She'll live to trouble ye many a day."

For Jessie had seen the bullet-hole in the dowdy, and this falling off, she was able to remark that there was no corresponding hole on the other side.

"Willyminer, my brack!" says Tim, his voice trembling very gently with quite husbandly emotion.

And as though the voice of him who was to be hers recalled her to a comprehension of things mundane once more, she opened one eye, closed it, opened the other, shut it down again, and then opened them both together, with a stare which was suggestive of her finding the world a new one, with new people in it, and she herself, upon the whole, a novelty.

"Where am I?" she asked, with the stereotyped remark of ladies who have taken to fainting.

"In my harm, Willy," says Tim, suiting the action to the word a proceeding which made Jessie MacFarlane frown; but whether this action was due to her Scotch sense of propriety, or her womanly jealousy, has never been found out.

Womanly jealousy? Oh, yes, Miss MacFarlane was jealous of Skeggs' success.

Rule general (as the French say), every woman worth her salt is jealous of any woman who succeeds to any one of her score of lovers, though the lady herself may be heartily engaged, and does not care a straw for either of the other nineteen.

For such is the perversity of woman-kind.

"What has happened?" asked Skeggs.

"Ye've just been knocked down by a spent bullet."

And, thereupon, Jessie handed the lady the dowdy with the bullet in it.

"Which, if knocked over, Miss MacFarlane—leastways I know that isn't right, but forgive a more English West-end woman—but being knocked over, praps they saw my ankles."

"I didna mark."

"Dear, dear," said Miss Skeggs, "they must have shown; what a mortifying thing!"

"Never mind 'em," said Tim, as, quite unasked, though he saw the welcome in the Scotchwoman's face, he lifted up his love and carried her into Jessie's quarters.

But Skeggs began about them again and again, so that even Tim was forced to admit she thought a good deal more about them than of her escape.

Oh, by the way, there were half a score of assistants, even before Skeggs spoke, but I have not mentioned them, so engrossed was I with the Skeggs catastrophe.

For instance, Mrs. Beggerty rushed out of her quarters, carrying one of her children, more by the flank than anything else; and the moment she heard what was the matter, she said, "It's her luck!"

And yet—for superstition is the cleverest thing at a shift out—and yet, when it was learnt Wilhelmina was frightened only and hurt not at all, she called out, "What luck that woman do have, to be sure!"

I may say at once that this event caused Miss Skeggs to be looked on amongst the women folk as a sort of heroine during the remainder of the siege—a remainder which was to be counted up by days.

Mrs. Beggerty had a conviction that the 20th of September would be the day of the relief, and to that end she packed up—not forgetting the atoms of her last crook, which she hoped to put together in more peaceful times. To that end she had saved the pieces.

The affair also drew Tim and Skeggs nearer to each other's hearts, and there is a good deal in that.

But the statement is not telling how they got out of Jessie's quarters, or rather her bit of a but in which she could so sweetly turn, for Mrs. O'Gog's comfortable quarters had been bombarded to the ground.

When Skeggs was her fashionable self once more, and she had said she thought she could creep home—Tim had volunteered to carry her, and Jessie had suggested a wheel-barrow—Miss MacFarlane "smooched things."

Jessie liked to balance her books frequently.

"So, sergeant," says she, "I've to congratulate ye upon havig gotten a wife?"

"Well," says Tim, blushing rather like a guilty party than otherwise, "she is something in that way, Jessie."

"Hey, laddie, ye and she war made for each ither. I wish ye joy."

"You're kind, that you are," says Tim.

"Thank you, Miss Macfarlane—which I am sure you means well—and much do I wish me and Timothy may one day have that pleasure."

"Which?" asks Jessie.

"O' congratulating you on the jifful event," said Lurcher, and she saw that her shot had taken effect.

"Many a chance I've had, Miss Skeggs," says Jessie, looking at Tim.

"Which people's minds change."

"May be that," because ither people are true."

Here Tim could stand this feminine sparring no longer.

"Dessey, Jessie, ye'll soon see Barty now."

"Hey, mon—an' if I dinna, what's that to ye?"

"What?" says Tim, taken all aback.

"What's it a' do wi' ye?"

"Which, Jess, whether I'm married or single, I trusts as I may always think o' your warfare."

He meant warfare, but what is there in a word?

Now this modified Jessie, who could not be expected to forget the departure of a beau in a moment. It, or rather he, is a sentimental loss which no woman with a sense of her own worth could forget on the spur of the moment.

"Indeed, he may," says Skeggs, indulging in an amenity, but not at all pleasurable anticipation of hearing much of Jessie in the future.

And this remark mollified Jessie still more, so she looked up, and

she said to Tim, "Laddie, if ever there were one word (she meant one remark) between us two, it's forgotten. And—and I wish you you two young people (she meant two juvenile individuals) all the happiness ye deserve; and that ye'll be verra, verra happy."

Skeggs blushed, for she had been called a "young person."

"Which much I thank you for the kind remark, Miss MacFarlane," said Skeggs, remembering the name rightly at a most apropos time.

"Hey, dinna thank me, Miss Meggs."

Meggs—that was the one parting little bit of jealous vengeance in which Jessie indulged.

She knew that Miss Skeggs set a high value on her own name by the persistency with which Willy called Jessie out of hers. So Jess christened her Meggs.

The Lurcher was amazedly struck by the little attention, which was all the stronger, coming, as it did, immediately she had recalled the Scotch lassie's name perfectly.

"I think I'll go home, Timothy, if you'll give me your harm."

"Certainly," says Tim, with military dexterity.

"Hey," here says Jessie; "I've something belonging to you young people, I'm desirous o' handing over."

"Whatever's that?" asked Tim.

"'Tis the emerald!"

Here Miss Skeggs shrieked.

"Oh, Miss Mac—far—lane, which if you have gone for to think for to imagine as that I come for it, think I do that faint I shall."

"Hey, ye've fainted jest enough," says Jessie; "an' if ye had come after the emerald I dinnot say ye was wrong, seeing ye're to be his good woman."

"Good woman" was a coarse way of putting it; but the bride-elect did not resent it.

"Which I will not accept it," say Wilhelmina.

"Lor, Jessie, why can't you keep it on now ye're kept it so far?"

"Hey, I kens my duty," says Jess.

And thereupon she brings out the emerald from its sentimental hiding place, and solemnly handed it over to Wilhelmina.

"Which, Miss Macfarlane, never till this moment have I known your value."

But here, the dinner now arriving (not that there was very much to eat), the convalesce broke up, and Willy was conducted home by her sergeant. She was already a heroine, and people peeped out from their huts to look at the Englishwoman who had been knocked down by a bullet, and not hurt, owing to an invention of her own. To be sure, several people did say it was owing to her head being so thick.

But that was satire.

And as Miss Skeggs sewed the emerald up in the bodice of her dress, she sang (as well as she could) the song that every exile from England sings pretty well every day, if he has any voice and knowledge of numbers in him—I refer to "Home, sweet home."

To be sure, she said "Ome, sweet ome" But, as I have said before, let us not quarrel about trifles.

CHAPTER CXVI.

GENERAL WORK AND HOPE.—LUCKNOW 18TH TO 18TH.

THE time of deliverance, the promised date for the relief of Lucknow, was drawing near, but no sign of help appeared—no spy arrived with despatches—and no roaring of cannon was heard in the distance.

Would Havelock now come?

Each day was longer than that which preceded it.

What man, having once been a school-boy, does not recollect how long was the last week before the holidays. Then perhaps he will recall that last day before the holidays, when there was nothing to do but to wait, and count the minutes. That last day was an age.

So at Lucknow—as the middle of September came, the garrison began to be, not sick at hope deferred, but sullenly angry, more or less, at the delay.

It was such weary waiting; and, moreover, though the courage of the hard-pressed garrison did not relax, yet there was less voluntary bravery displayed than there had been, simply because men now grew greedy of their lives. They had lived through so much misery that they were now eager to save their lives for the sake of the more peaceable times which were to come.

The garrison was healthier by the middle of September than it had been at any time during the siege.

On the 14th a very great catastrophe had to be recorded. It is entered in the following brief words in the staff-officer's diary to which we have already frequently referred:—

"A grievous occurrence took place in the afternoon. Captain Fulton, of the Engineers, while reconnoitring from a battery in St. Gubbins's post, was killed dead by a round shot, which struck him on the head. He had conducted all the engineering operations of the siege for a considerable time previous to the death of his chief (Major Anderson). He was a highly gifted, cool, brave, and chivalrous officer, fertile in resources, and a favourite with both officers and men. His loss was acutely felt."

At first sight, to the non-military reader, this death may not appear any the more important than that of any other hard-working official in garrison. But when it is remembered that the enemy sought to overpower us by engineering tactics—by mining, in a word—it can readily be understood that the safety of the place depended upon the engineers.

But through all the sickness of waiting, our food running low, with meat becoming a rarity; in spite of the want of tea, spirits, tobacco, sugar (the loss of which was felt acutely by the children), the garrison held on without a thought of yielding.

Certainly the supplies were very small. Even Mrs. O'Gog stopped growing broader, so reduced were the rations; while her dear colonel would not get thinner, seeing he was next to a living skeleton. He had been congratulated by O'Rackie upon the chances he would have of making money by his own exhibition if ever he got to "town"—when Rackie vowed he would pay the first half-crown.

"Gad!" said Rackie, on the 14th of September, "if the relief don't come soon, O'Gog, there'll be not any of you to relieve."

"No jokes, youngster," says the colonel, with a smile in one of his Irish eyes.

"Gad, it's the only thing we can indulge in," says O'Rackie, "and the relief seems to be the greatest joke of all. Where's Havelock—where's tough old Colin Campbell?"

If O'Rackie were alive at this harvest time he would apologize for his doubts as to the relief. But he has said that debt even the greatest of souldiers liquidate, and he has long since got his receipt of eternal silence.

The two great heroes were buckling on their swords. Two months more, and Havelock had unbuckled the sword and taken to the palm branch, while Colin Campbell remained, to become the conqueror of India. He was no better man than Havelock, and that is saying much in his praise, but he lived longer, and so reaped the larger harvest.

Of the courtly gentleman, who afterwards became Lord Clyde, we this week give a portrait, taken at an epoch which was one of the handsomest sprays in his laurel wreath (a).

(a) THE MEETING OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AND JUNG BAHADOOR.—The engraving on the previous page illustrates the meeting of Sir Colin Campbell and Jung Bahadoor during the assault on Lucknow, and while the Begum's palace was being attacked. "It was five o'clock," says a writer in the Times, "and the musketry was rolling out in great volleys. Sir Colin was walking up and down like a man who had waited quite long enough for his wife to get on her bonnet, and was about 'to stand it no longer,' when a great buzz amid the soldiers announced the arrival of Jung Bahadoor,

